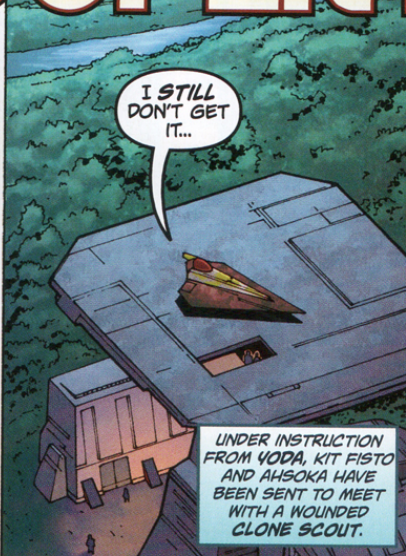


# A TROOPER'S TALE



AS THE GALACTIC STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE REPUBLIC AND SEPARATIST FORCES ESCALATES, SO TOO DO THE CASUALTIES.

ON THE PLANET SACORRIA, A CLONE MEDICAL AND REHABILITATION FACILITY HAS BEEN CONSTRUCTED TO CARE FOR THOSE INJURED IN THE LINE OF DUTY.



I STILL DON'T GET IT...

UNDER INSTRUCTION FROM YODA, KIT FISTO AND AHSOKA HAVE BEEN SENT TO MEET WITH A WOUNDED CLONE SCOUT.



REMEMBER, IT WASN'T ANAKIN'S DECISION TO SEND YOU ON THIS MISSION.

IT IS THE WISH OF GRAND MASTER YODA.

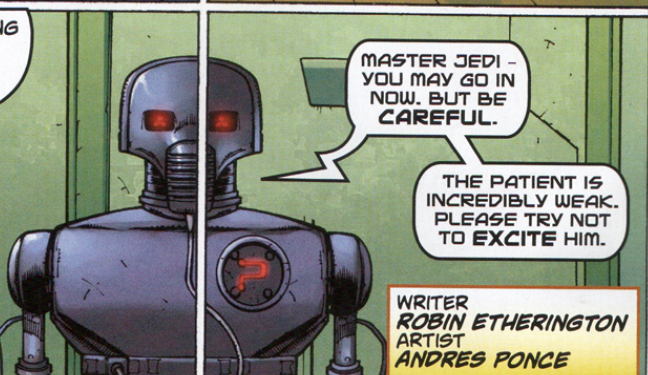
I KNOW, I KNOW... IT JUST FEELS A LITTLE LIKE A... WASTE OF TIME?



WE'RE JEDI! INSTEAD OF COMFORTING ONE POOR CLONE, WE SHOULD BE OUT THERE, TAKING THE FIGHT TO THOSE ANIMALS THAT FORCED US TO BUILD PLACES LIKE THIS!

YOUR LOYALTY AND PASSION FOR JUSTICE IS COMMENDABLE, BUT IT IS PATIENCE THAT YOU REQUIRE TODAY.

THERE IS MORE TO THIS ASSIGNMENT THAN MEETS THE EYE.



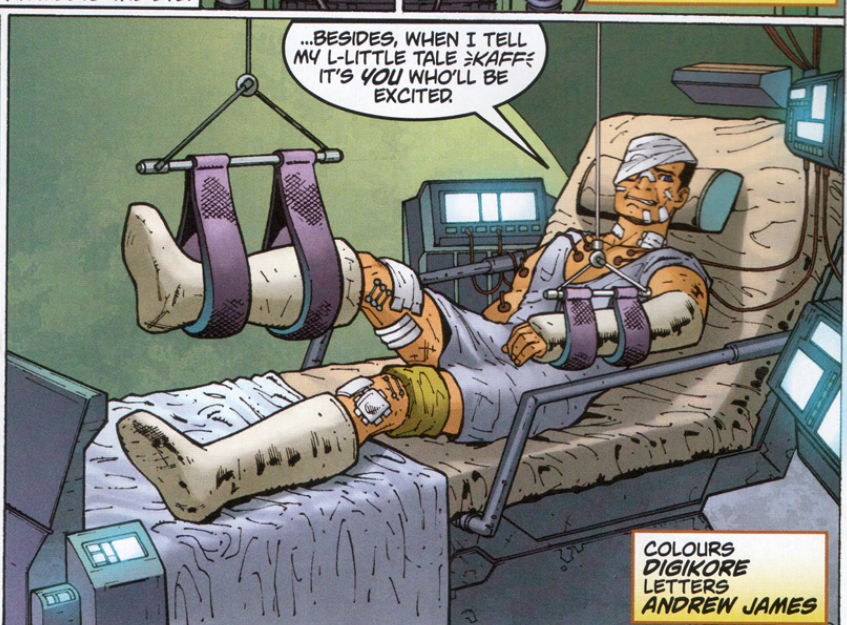
MASTER JEDI - YOU MAY GO IN NOW. BUT BE CAREFUL.

THE PATIENT IS INCREDIBLY WEAK. PLEASE TRY NOT TO EXCITE HIM.

WRITER  
ROBIN ETHERINGTON  
ARTIST  
ANDRES PONCE



SCOUGH SILENTLY OLD N-NURSEMAID. IT'S SHACK AS BAD AS IT L-LOOKS...



...BESIDES, WHEN I TELL MY L-LITTLE TALE SHACK IT'S YOU WHO'LL BE EXCITED.

COLOURS  
DIGIKORE  
LETTERS  
ANDREW JAMES



MASTER YODA SAID YOU HAD REQUESTED TO SPEAK ONLY WITH JEDI. IS THIS CORRECT?



Y-YES... THIS INFORMATION IS FOR YOUR E-EARS ONLY, GENERAL. NOW, PLEASE S-SIT... AND ALLOW ~~SKOFF~~ A BROKEN SOLDIER TO SHARE HIS LAST BATTLE.

"MY N-NAME IS MARRT. SERGEANT MARRT OF THE 182ND LEGION."



"THREE W-WEEKS AGO WE LANDED BY DROPSHIP ON THE REMOTE PLANET OF BELGAROTH."

"C-COMMAND SENT MY F-FOUR MAN SCOUT UNIT TO INVESTIGATE A CLAIM THAT A REPUBLIC WEAPONS FACTORY WAS TRADING WITH THE ENEMY."

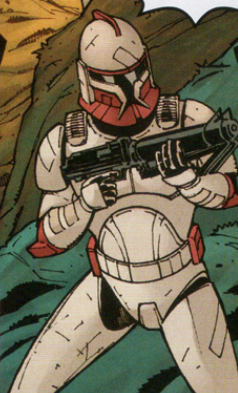
"THEN CAME KNUCKLES, A B-BRAWLER WHO PREFERRED HIS TWO FISTS TO A GOOD BLASTER."



"BRINGING UP THE REAR WAS CHATTER. HE GOT HIS N-NAME DUE TO HIS LOVE OF CODE-BREAKING, AND BECAUSE HE NEVER SHUTS UP."

... AND THE DROID SAYS, "THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS ASK FOR GUARD DUTY!"

HAHAHA!



QUIET, BOYS. WE'VE REACHED THE CZERKA FACTORY.



"AND FINALLY, RECON. HIS SENSE OF IMMINENT D-DANGER WAS LEGENDARY, EVEN AMONGST V-VETERAN SCOUTS."

I'M SORRY, REEP, BUT THE SHIPMENT IS STILL NOT READY.

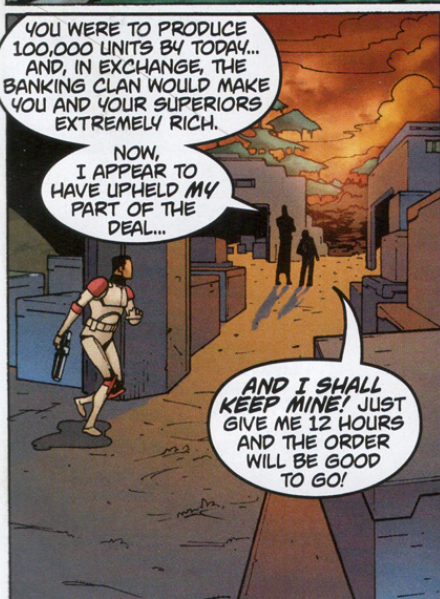


YOUR CONSTANT DELAYS IRRITATE ME, TARIN. THE TONITH FAMILY DO NOT ACCEPT EXCUSES.



YOU WERE TO PRODUCE 100,000 UNITS BY TODAY... AND, IN EXCHANGE, THE BANKING CLAN WOULD MAKE YOU AND YOUR SUPERIORS EXTREMELY RICH.

NOW, I APPEAR TO HAVE UPHELD MY PART OF THE DEAL...



AND I SHALL KEEP MINE! JUST GIVE ME 12 HOURS AND THE ORDER WILL BE GOOD TO GO!



I HOPE SO, FOR YOUR SAKE -- COUNT DOOKU CAN BE EXTREMELY UNPLEASANT WHEN SUPPLIERS FAIL TO DELIVER.

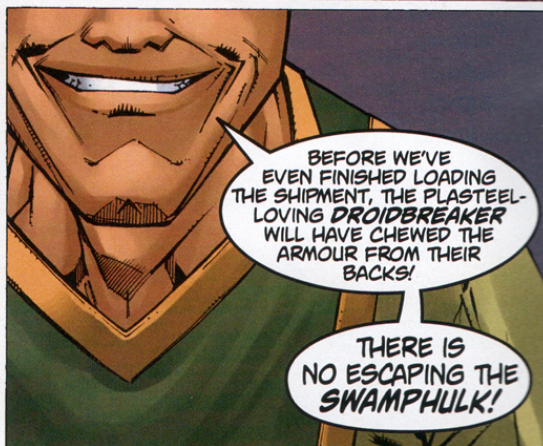
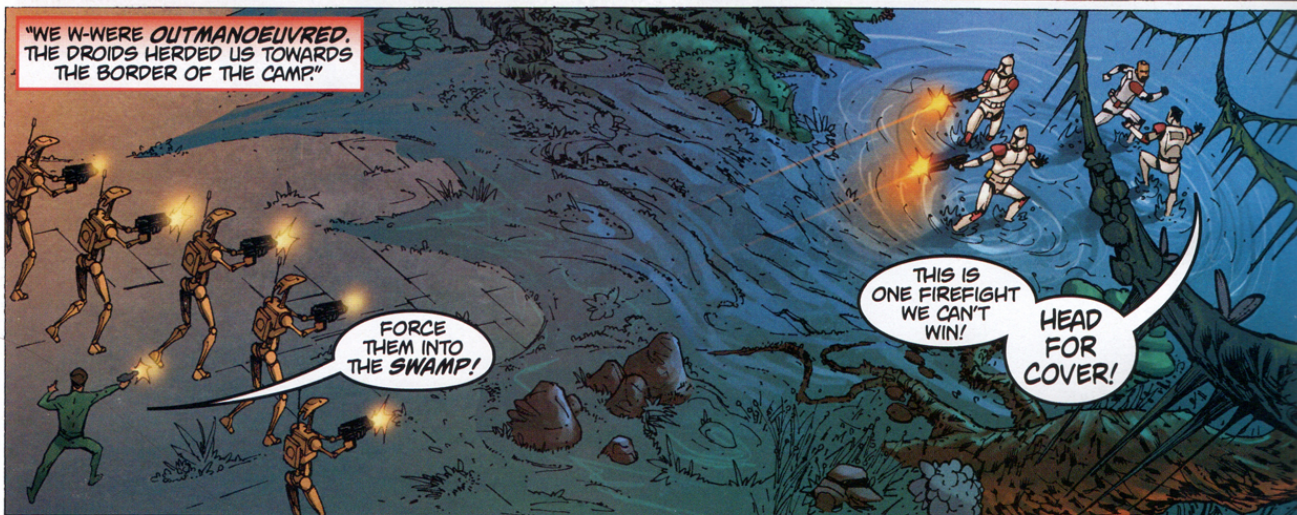
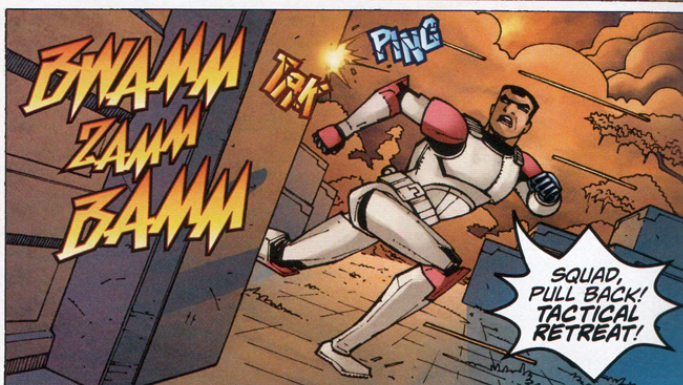
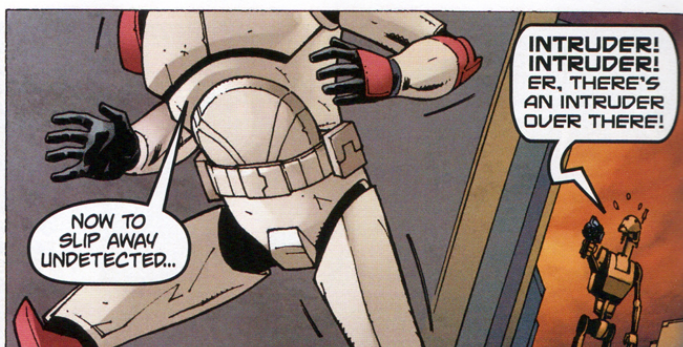
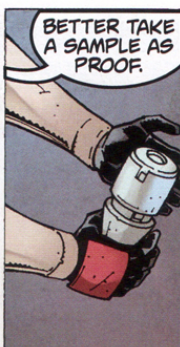
"MY H-HEAD WAS REELING FROM WHAT I'D HEARD, BUT THERE WAS W-WORSE TO COME..."



COUNT DOOKU AND THE BANKING CLAN?

LOOKS LIKE OUR INTEL WAS CORRECT. WONDER WHAT THEY'RE TRADING...

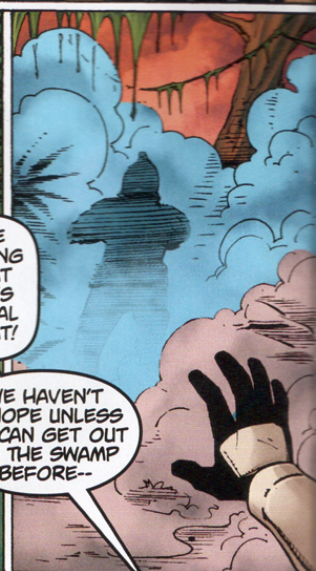
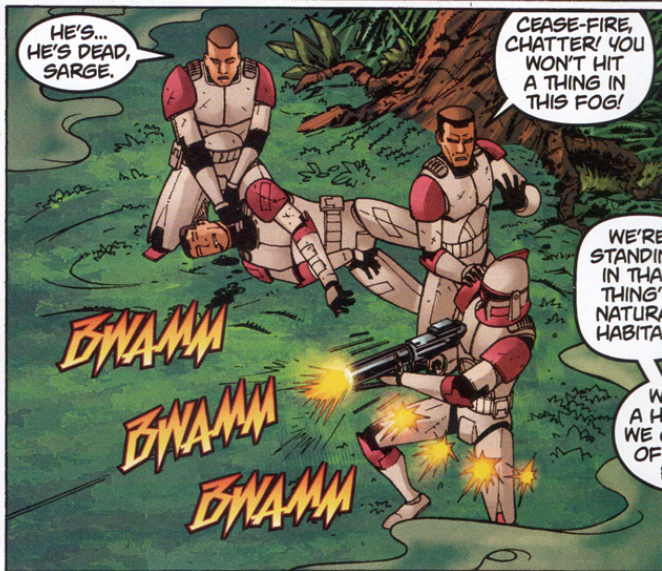
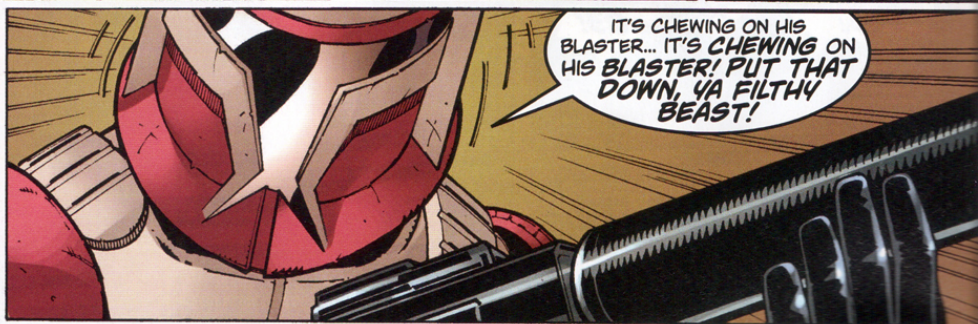
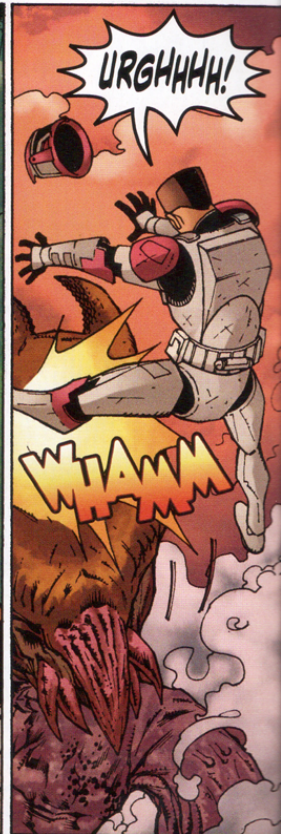












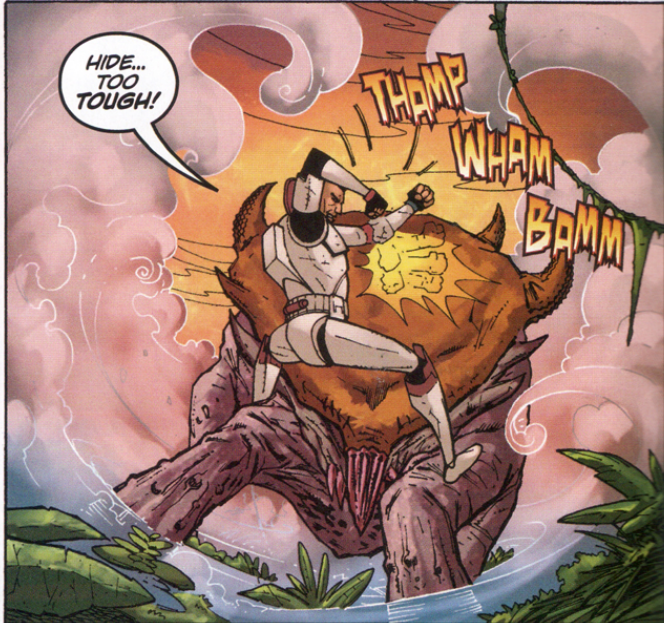




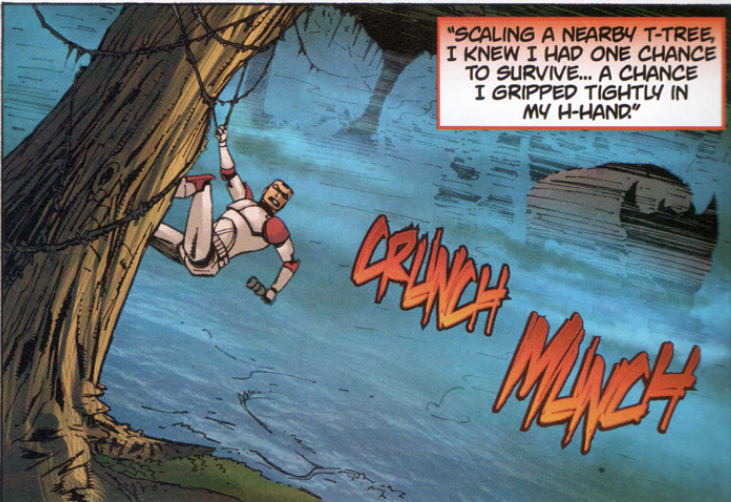
GREAT KAMINO!



GAAAAH!



"BRAVE KNUCKLES LOST HIS F-FIGHT WITH THE CREATURE, BUT HIS DISTRACTION GAVE ME T-TIME TO FORMULATE A PLAN."







HEY, PLATE-FACE!  
UP HERE! IF YOU  
LIKE METAL  
SO MUCH--



--YOU'RE  
GOING TO  
LOVE  
THIS!



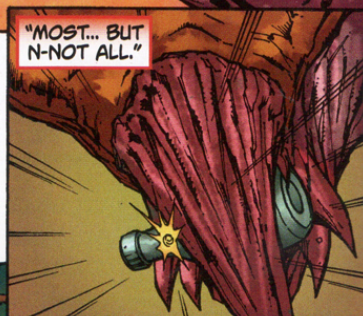
"THE MONSTROSITY ROSE  
ON ITS H-HAUNCHES AND  
CAUGHT THE GRENADE  
WITH TERRIFYING EASE."



"I OPENED FIRE  
WITH MY PISTOL."



"MOST S-SHOTS  
BOUNCED  
HARMLESSLY  
OFF T-THE  
CARAPACE."



"MOST... BUT  
N-NOT ALL."



"THE FEX-M3 NERVE  
GAS DID ITS W-WORK.  
THE CREATURE WAS  
DEAD BEFORE IT  
H-HIT THE GROUND"



"I B-BURIED MY BROTHERS  
IN THE SHADOW OF THE  
CONQUERED CREATURE  
AND SWORE A F-FINAL  
BATTLE OATH."

I'LL SEE THAT  
SHIPMENT BURN  
BEFORE IT EVER  
LEAVES THIS  
PLANET!





"THE BATTLE RAGED FOR HOURS. BEFORE THE S-SUN HAD RISEN, THE SKIES OF BELGAROTH WERE ILLUMINATED BY FLAMES."



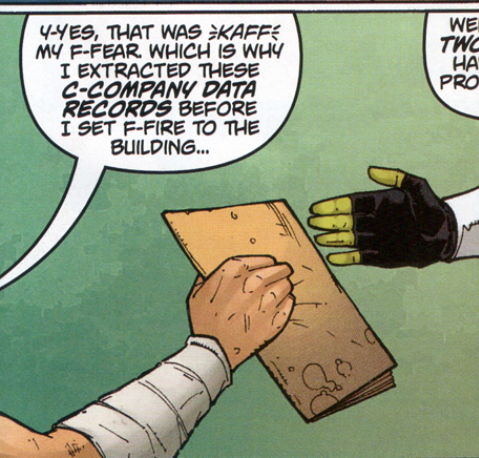
"REEP TONITH FLED IN HIS SHUTTLE, BUT I MANAGED TO SHACKLE TARIN... BEFORE MY W-WOUNDS FINALLY BROUGHT ME DOWN."

"THE FIGHT COST ME MY L-LEGS... BUT IT WAS WORTH IT."



BUT... BUT POOR MARRT, IT *WASN'T* WORTH IT! WE INTERROGATED TARIN WEEKS AGO!

HE DIDN'T KNOW THE IDENTITY OF HIS 'SUPERIORS'. THE *REAL* TRAITORS ARE STILL FREE!



Y-YES, THAT WAS ~~XKAFF~~ MY F-FEAR WHICH IS WHY I EXTRACTED THESE *C-COMPANY DATA RECORDS* BEFORE I SET F-FIRE TO THE BUILDING...



WELL, WELL... IT APPEARS THAT *TWO INFLUENTIAL SENATORS* HAVE BEEN ENJOYING A VERY PROFITABLE BUSINESS... DEALING ARMS TO THE ENEMY!



BUT N-NOT *ANYMORE*... RIGHT, GENERAL?

CORRECT. BRAVE SCOUT, YOU *HONOUR* THE REPUBLIC WITH YOUR HEROISM.

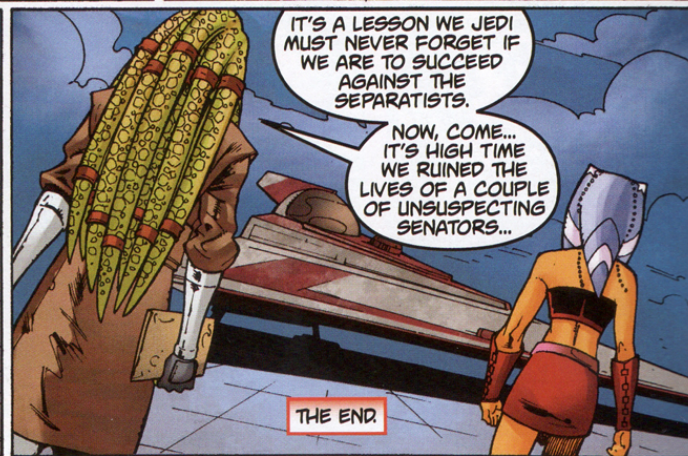
WE WILL LEAVE YOU TO YOUR DESERVED *PEACE*.



MASTER... I'M... I'M *SORRY* FOR DOUBTING YODA'S MISSION.

I CLEARLY HAVE *MUCH* LEFT TO LEARN.

WELL, TODAY A COURAGEOUS CLONE TAUGHT US THAT THE ACTIONS OF *ONE* CAN AFFECT THE LIVES OF *MANY*.



IT'S A LESSON WE JEDI MUST NEVER FORGET IF WE ARE TO SUCCEED AGAINST THE SEPARATISTS.

NOW, COME... IT'S HIGH TIME WE RUINED THE LIVES OF A COUPLE OF UNSUSPECTING SENATORS...

THE END



# A LITTLE HELP ON HAKARA

INVESTIGATING A GARBLED DISTRESS CALL, JEDI KNIGHT ANAKIN SKYWALKER AND HIS PADAWAN AHSOKA TANO HAVE COME TO THE SWAMP-FILLED PLANET HAKARA -- A WORLD THE REPUBLIC BELIEVED UNINHABITED!

GROSS!

I JUST STEPPED IN SOMETHING VERY SQUISHY.

YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO GROW A LITTLE **BACKBONE** IF YOU EXPECT TO BECOME A JEDI KNIGHT, AHSOKA.

AND KEEP YOUR VOICE **DOWN!** WE DON'T KNOW IF THE INHABITANTS ARE FRIENDLY.

WRITER  
TOM DEFALCO  
ARTIST  
TANYA ROBERTS

COLOURS  
DIGIKORE  
LETTERS  
ANDREW JAMES

FROM THE LITTLE I PICKED UP ABOUT **HAKARA**, WE DON'T EVEN KNOW IF THERE ARE INHABITANTS.

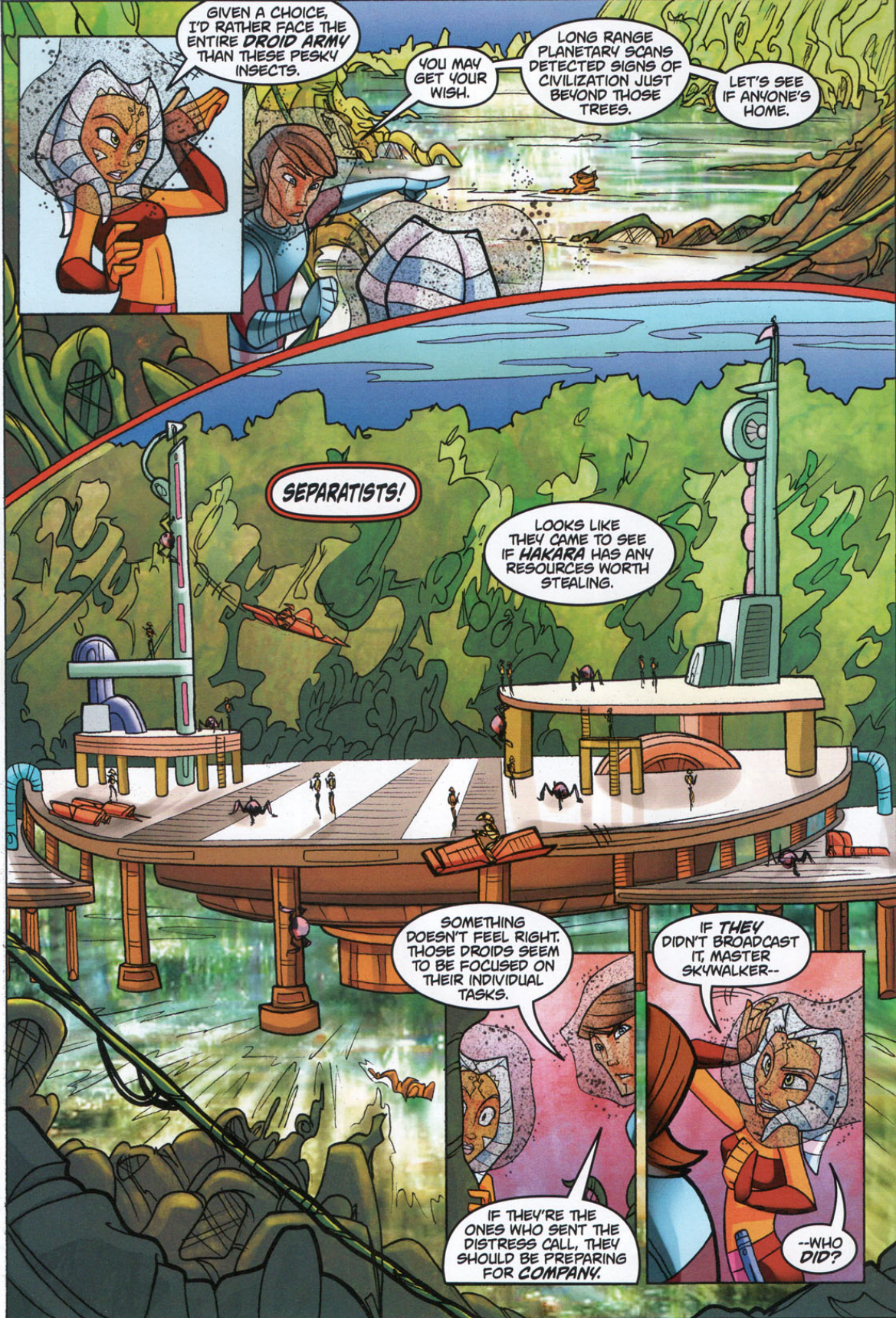
HOW CAN WE BE SURE A NATIVE **HAKARAN** SENT THE DISTRESS SIGNAL?

WE CAN'T, SNIPS.

THE TRANSMISSION EMPLOYED AN **UNKNOWN TECHNOLOGY** AND A LANGUAGE THE JEDI COUNCIL ARE STILL TRYING TO DECIPHER.

THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE THE **SEPARATISTS** SENT IT TO LURE US INTO A TRAP.





GIVEN A CHOICE, I'D RATHER FACE THE ENTIRE **DROID ARMY** THAN THESE PESKY INSECTS.

YOU MAY GET YOUR WISH.

LONG RANGE PLANETARY SCANS DETECTED SIGNS OF CIVILIZATION JUST BEYOND THOSE TREES.

LET'S SEE IF ANYONE'S HOME.

**SEPARATISTS!**

LOOKS LIKE THEY CAME TO SEE IF **HAKARA** HAS ANY RESOURCES WORTH STEALING.

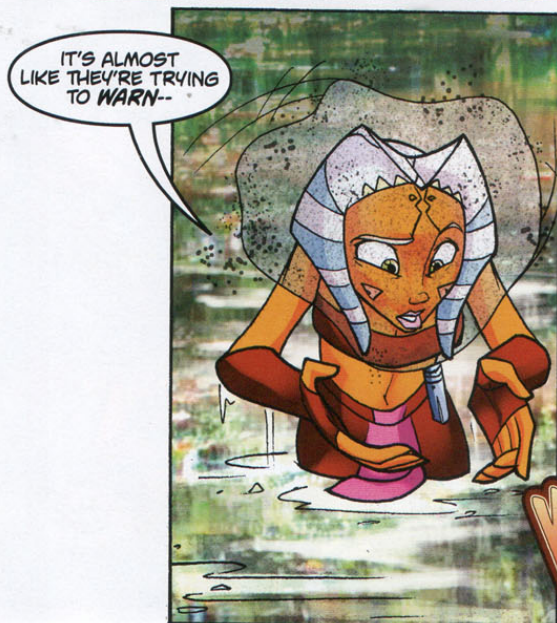
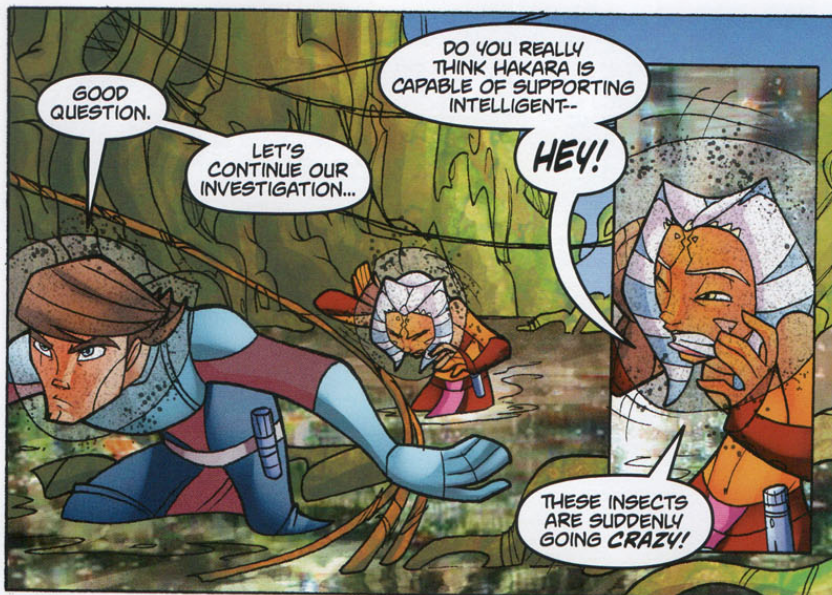
SOMETHING DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT. THOSE DROIDS SEEM TO BE FOCUSED ON THEIR INDIVIDUAL TASKS.

IF **THEY** DIDN'T BROADCAST IT, MASTER SKYWALKER--

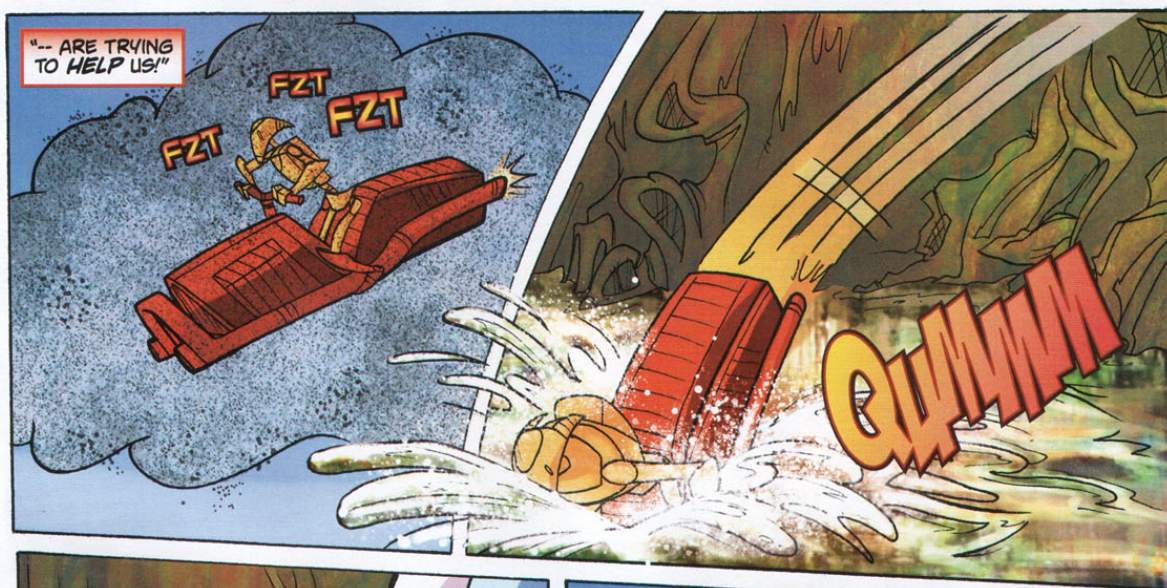
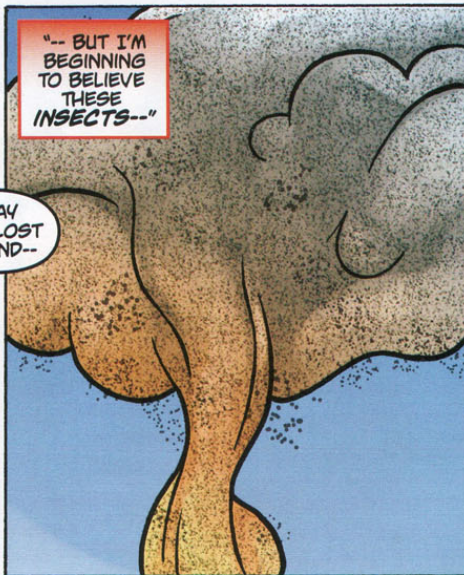
IF THEY'RE THE ONES WHO SENT THE DISTRESS CALL, THEY SHOULD BE PREPARING FOR **COMPANY**.

--WHO DID?

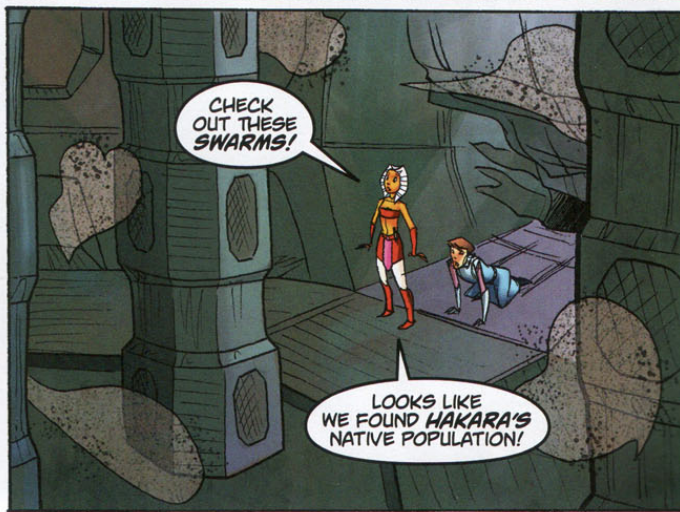




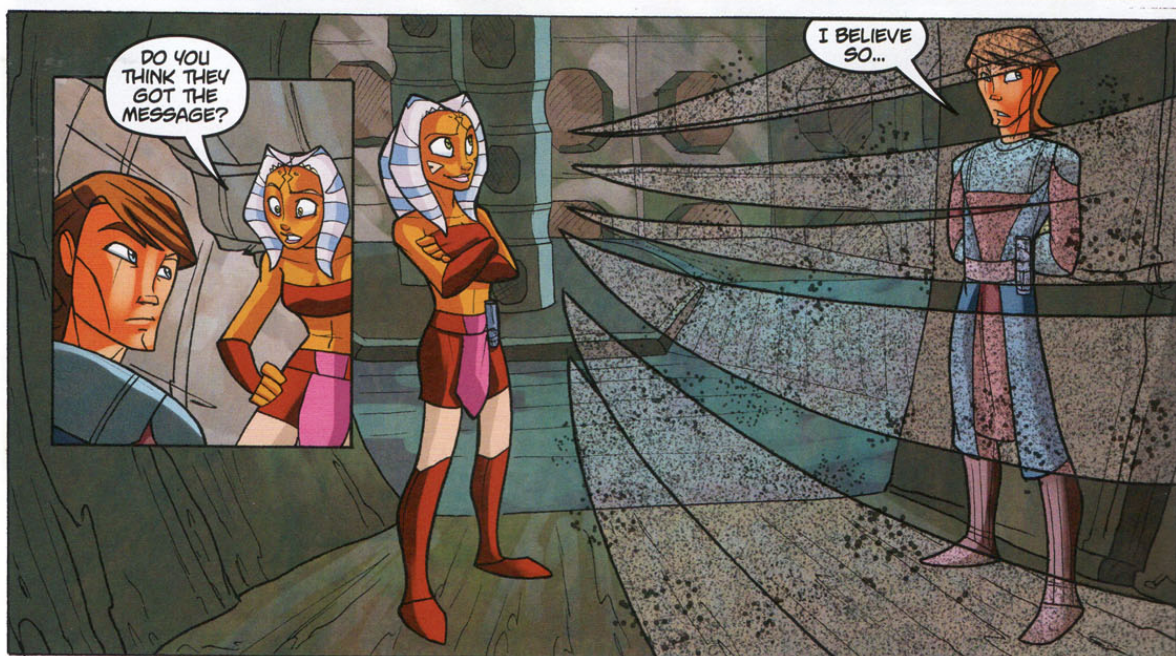
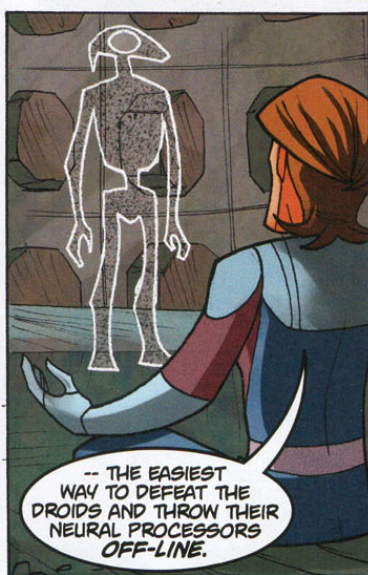
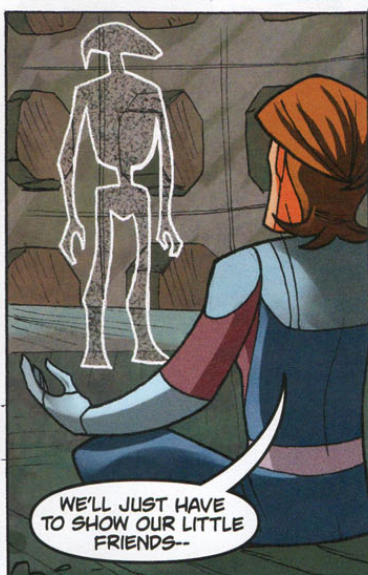




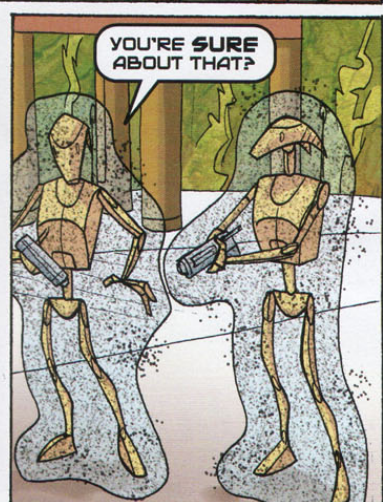
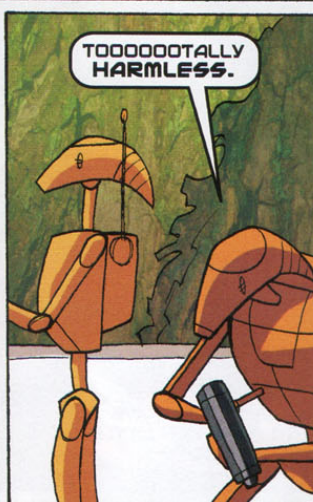
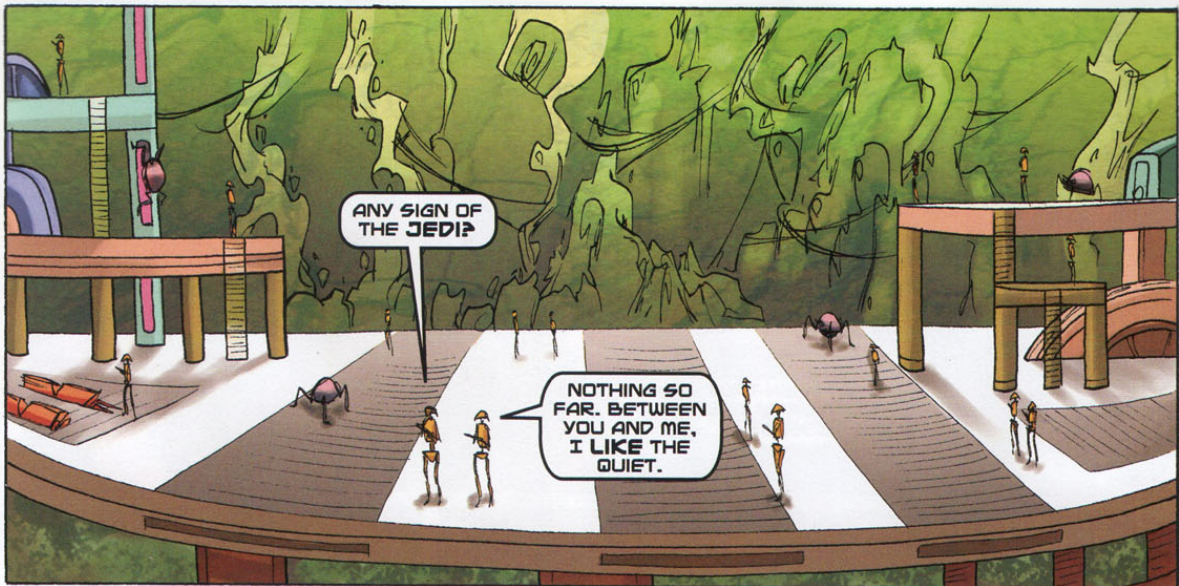










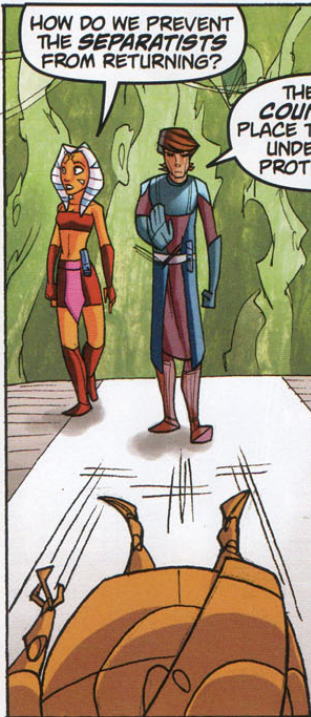






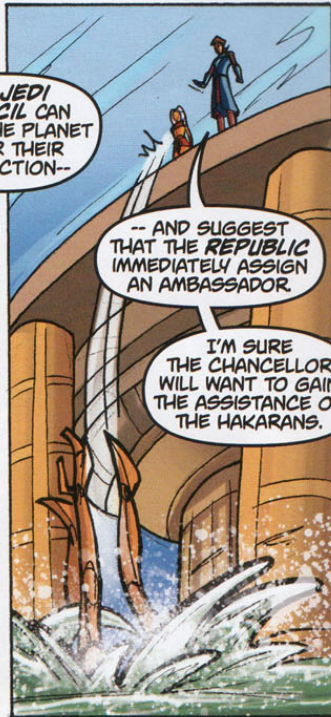
IT DIDN'T TAKE  
THE **HAKARANS** LONG  
TO SECURE THIS  
PLATFORM--

-- AND THEY'RE  
ALREADY HUNTING  
DOWN THE  
STRAGGLERS.



HOW DO WE PREVENT  
THE **SEPARATISTS**  
FROM RETURNING?

THE **JEDI**  
**COUNCIL** CAN  
PLACE THE PLANET  
UNDER THEIR  
PROTECTION--



-- AND SUGGEST  
THAT THE **REPUBLIC**  
IMMEDIATELY ASSIGN  
AN AMBASSADOR.

I'M SURE  
THE CHANCELLOR  
WILL WANT TO GAIN  
THE ASSISTANCE OF  
THE **HAKARANS**.



I'M GOING  
TO MISS THESE  
LITTLE GUYS.



HOPE THEY  
FORGIVE ME  
FOR CALLING THEM  
PESKY INSECTS.



I GUESS  
**COURAGE** COMES  
IN ALL SORTS OF  
FORMS!

THE END!



# PRIZE CONTENDER

WRITER  
RIK HOSKIN  
ARTIST  
TANYA ROBERTS

COLOURS  
DIGIKORE  
LETTERS  
ANDREW JAMES

IT'S AMAZING  
TO THINK THAT  
WE'RE STILL ON  
CORUSCANT,  
MASTER  
ANAKIN...

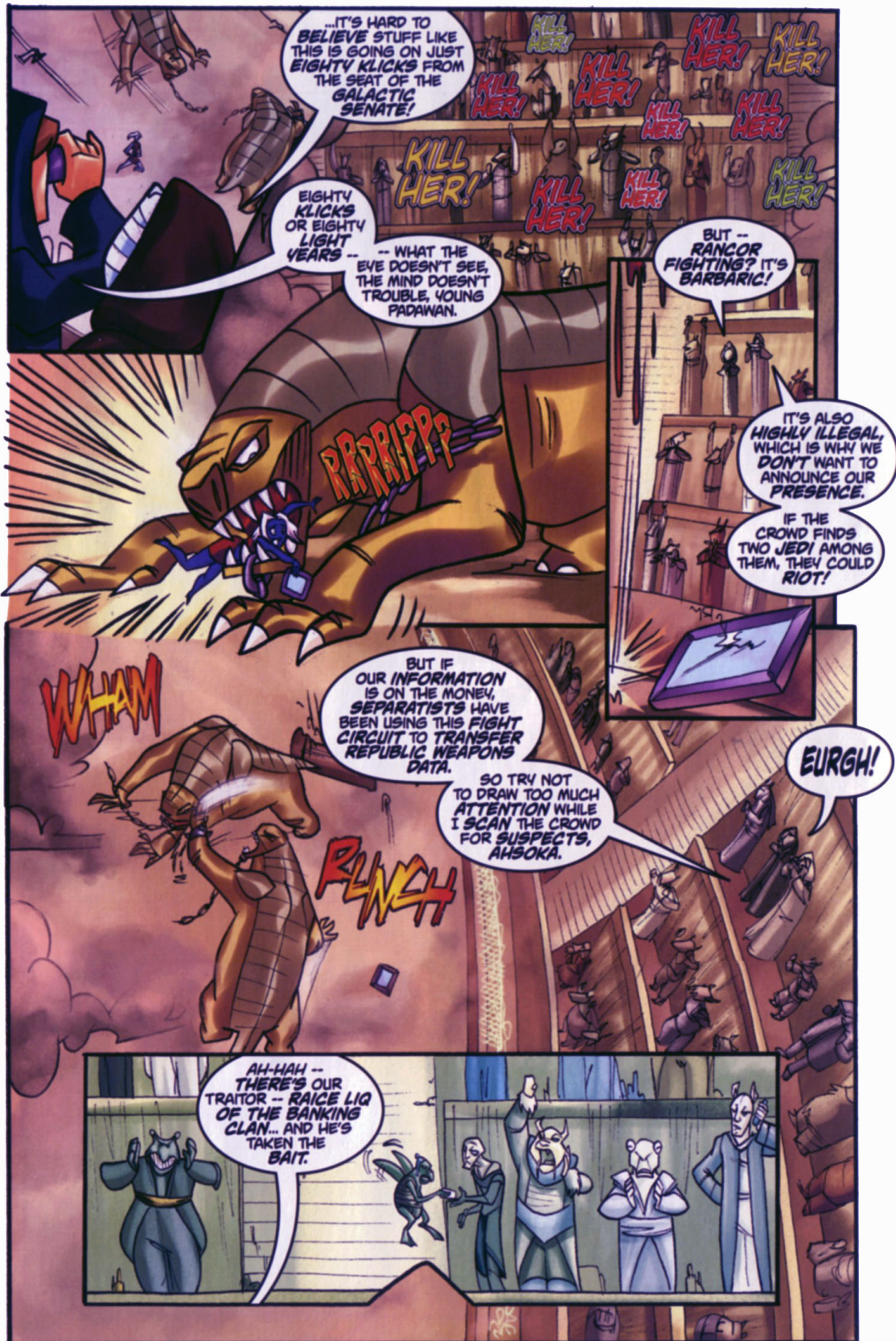
PLACE  
YOUR BETS,  
GENTLEBEINGS!  
SIX-TO-ONE ODDS  
ON OLD ONE-EYE!  
SIX-TO-ONE!  
PLACE YOUR  
BETS!

COLOURS  
DIGIKORE  
LETTERS  
ANDREW JAMES

IT'S AMAZING  
TO THINK THAT  
WE'RE STILL ON  
CORUSCANT,  
MASTER  
ANAKIN...

**PLACE  
YOUR BETS,  
GENTLEBEINGS!  
SIX-TO-ONE ODDS  
ON OLD ONE-EYE!  
SIX-TO-ONE!  
PLACE YOUR  
BETS!**

















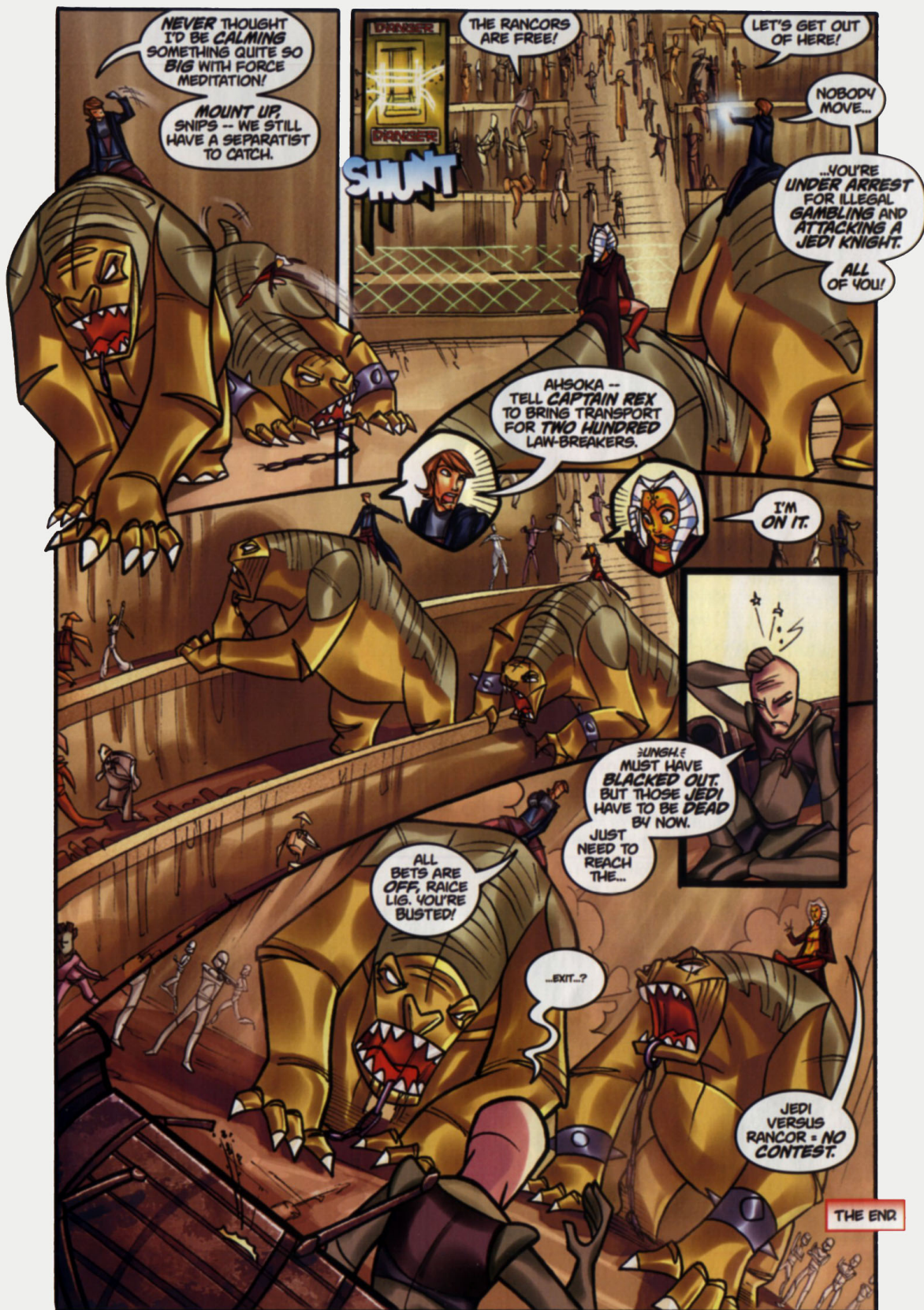






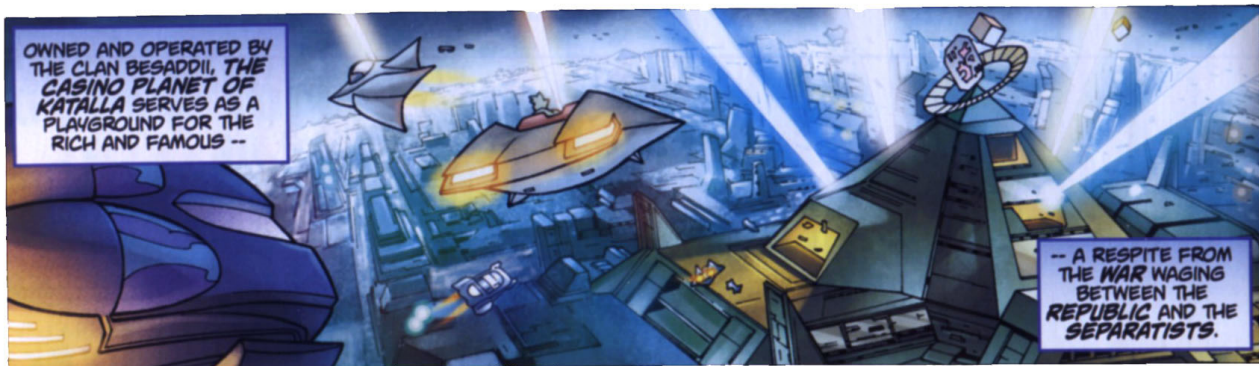






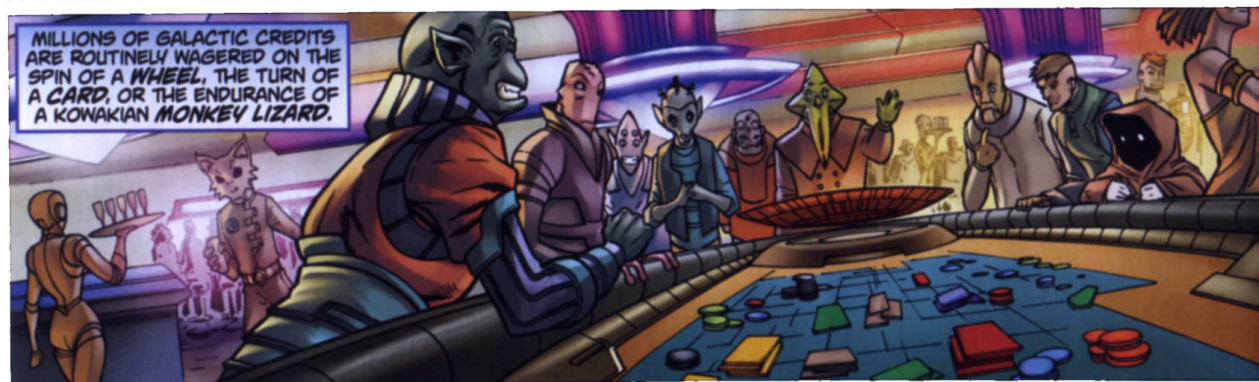
THE END





OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE CLAN BESADDII, THE CASINO PLANET OF KATALLA SERVES AS A PLAYGROUND FOR THE RICH AND FAMOUS --

-- A RESPITE FROM THE WAR WAGING BETWEEN THE REPUBLIC AND THE SEPARATISTS.

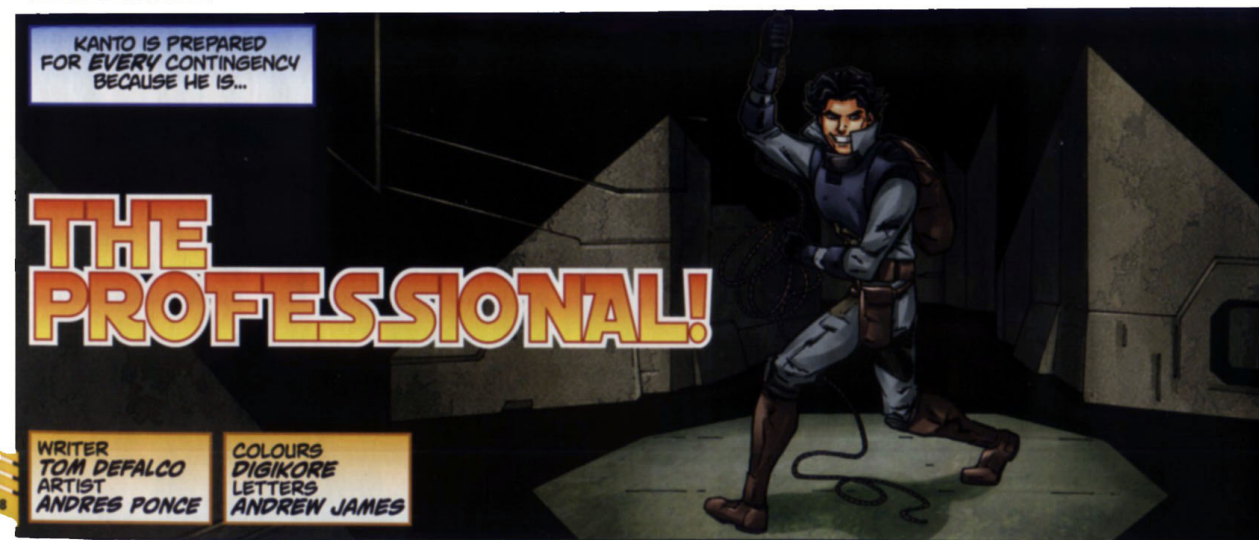


MILLIONS OF GALACTIC CREDITS ARE ROUTINELY WAGERED ON THE SPIN OF A WHEEL, THE TURN OF A CARD, OR THE ENDURANCE OF A KOWAKIAN MONKEY LIZARD.



ON THIS PARTICULAR NIGHT, KANTO RAGA IS BETTING ON A DIFFERENT GAMBLE NEARLY A KILOMETRE BENEATH THE CASINO'S FLOOR.

AFTER SECRETLY OBTAINING THE ARCHITECTURAL PLANS AND SECURITY DETERRENTS FOR THE CASINO'S UNDERGROUND VAULT, KANTO HAS SPENT THE LAST FIVE MONTHS PLANNING THE PERFECT CRIME.



KANTO IS PREPARED FOR EVERY CONTINGENCY BECAUSE HE IS...

# THE PROFESSIONAL!

WRITER  
TOM DEFALCO  
ARTIST  
ANDRES PONCE

COLOURS  
DIGIKORE  
LETTERS  
ANDREW JAMES













THE JEDI COUNCIL RECENTLY LEARNED CLAN BESADDII HAS BEEN SECRETLY FUNNELLING THE CASINO'S PROFITS TO THE SEPARATISTS.



SINCE *DIPLOMACY* HAS FAILED TO DISCOURAGE THIS BEHAVIOUR, I'VE DECIDED ON A MORE *DIRECT* APPROACH.

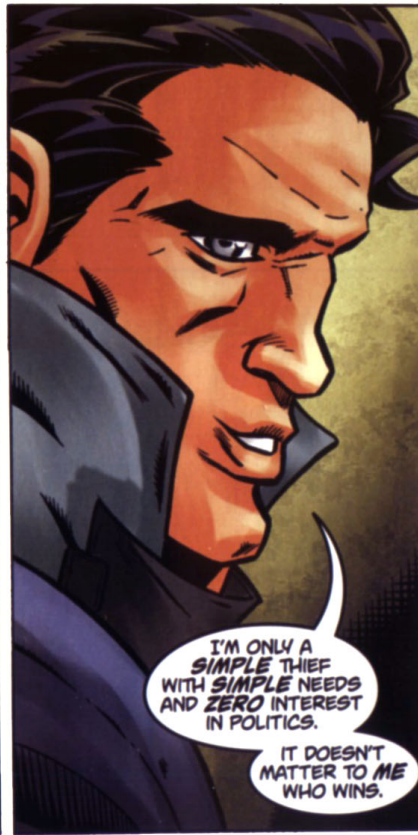


YOU'RE GOING TO DESTROY PRECIOUS JEWELS AND GALACTIC CREDITS BECAUSE OF YOUR STUPID WAR?!?



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! IF THE SEPARATISTS WIN, THE GALAXY FALLS UNDER THEIR SWAY --

-- AND NO ONE WILL BE SAFE!



I'M ONLY A SIMPLE THIEF WITH SIMPLE NEEDS AND ZERO INTEREST IN POLITICS.

IT DOESN'T MATTER TO ME WHO WINS.

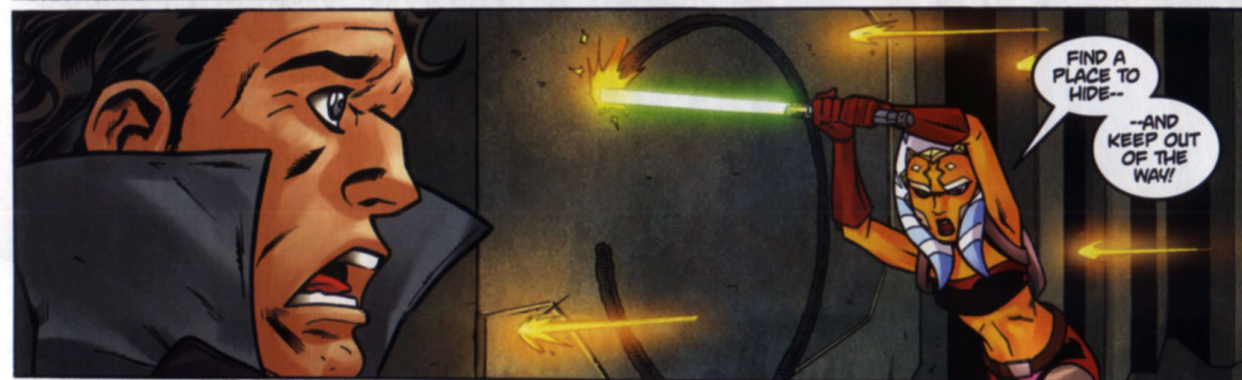


IT *SHOULD*! BILLIONS OF LIVES ARE AT STAKE!

LIVES I DON'T KNOW OR CARE ABOUT.

THERE'S THE VAULT! I'VE COMPLETED MY END OF THE BARGAIN--









THE SECURITY  
PATROL REPORTS  
HOSTILE CONTACT.

I'LL  
SEND FOR  
BACK-UP.

HURRY IT  
UP, SNIPS!

REINFORCEMENTS  
WILL BE ON THEIR  
WAY!

LOOKS LIKE  
YOUR MASTER  
COULD USE A  
HAND

NO PROBLEM.  
I STILL HAVE AN  
UNINJURED  
ONE.

HERE'S THE  
BOMB!

THE TIMER'S  
ALREADY SET.  
JUST PLACE IT  
DEEP WITHIN  
THE VAULT--

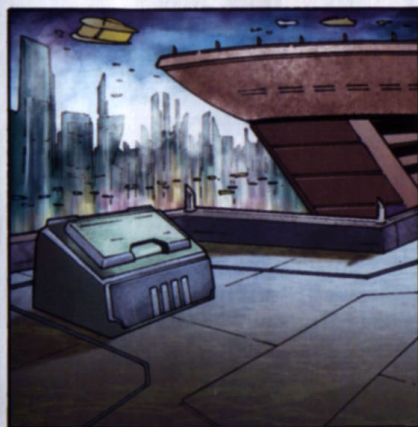
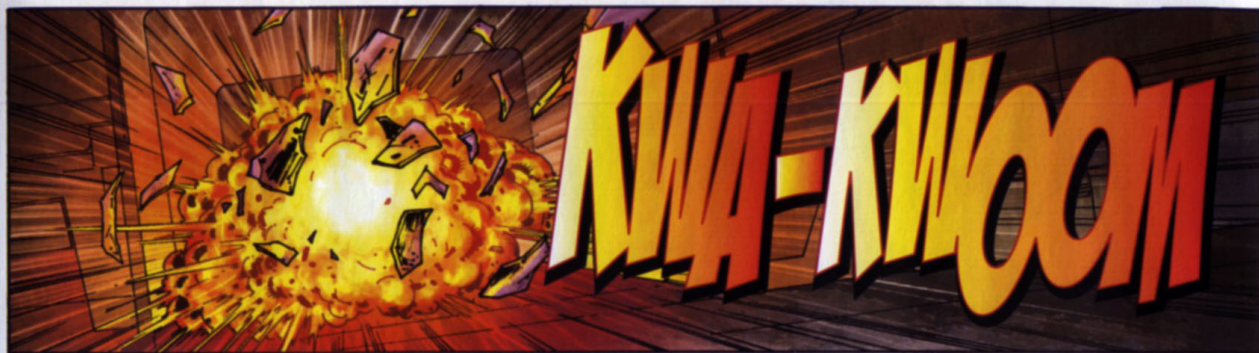
?!?

--AND RUN LIKE  
A SABERCAT IS  
ON YOUR HEELS!









THE END



# THE GUNS OF NAR HEKKA

THIS IS 'THE SHEELA RUN'.

A SECRET MID-RIM SPACE ROUTE WHICH, UNTIL RECENTLY, WAS USED BY THE REPUBLIC TO FERRY MUCH-NEEDED SUPPLIES TO THE FRONT LINE.

WRITER  
ROBIN ETHERINGTON  
ARTIST  
TANYA ROBERTS

NOW THE STARS SURROUNDING THE Y'TOUB SYSTEM ARE LITTERED WITH THE DEBRIS OF A DOZEN TRANSPORTS, DESTROYED BY AN UNKNOWN FORCE.

BUT AMID THE WRECKAGE, THERE IS STILL HOPE... AS A DISGUISED CR90 CORVETTE SILENTLY LAUNCHES A SINGLE DROPSHIP.

ITS DESTINATION - THE NEARBY PLANET OF NAR HEKKA.

ITS CARGO - TWO LONE FIGURES, NOW LOST IN THE COLD.

COLOURS  
DIGIKORE  
LETTERS  
ANDREW JAMES





















KILL THEM!



GAHH!

I BELIEVE THIS MIGHT BE AN APPROPRIATE MOMENT FOR COMBAT, MASTER YODA.

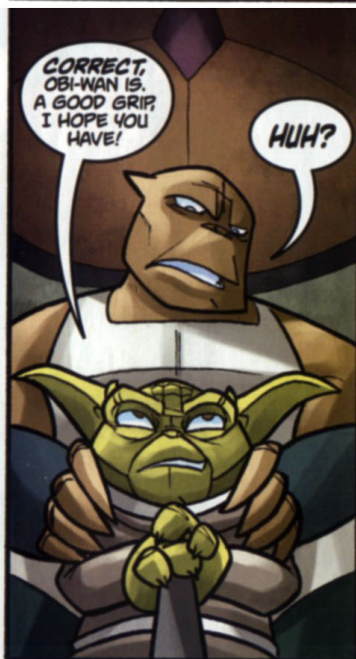
REGRETFULLY IN AGREEMENT AM I.



RORKK HAS THE DWARF-- STOP THE OTHER ONE!



THIS IS NOT A FAIR FIGHT! YOU SHOULD ALL SURRENDER WHILE YOU CAN STILL PUT YOUR HANDS UP.

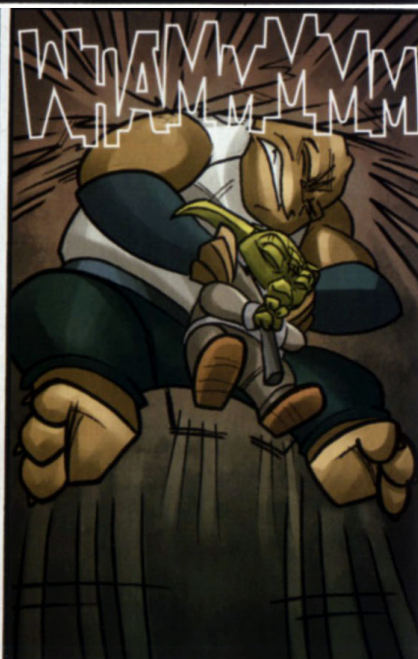


CORRECT, OBI-WAN IS. A GOOD GRIP, I HOPE YOU HAVE!

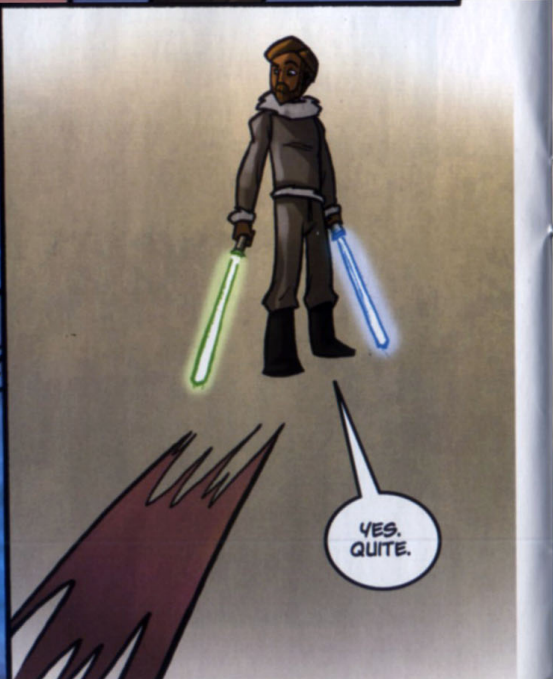
HUH?



?!?





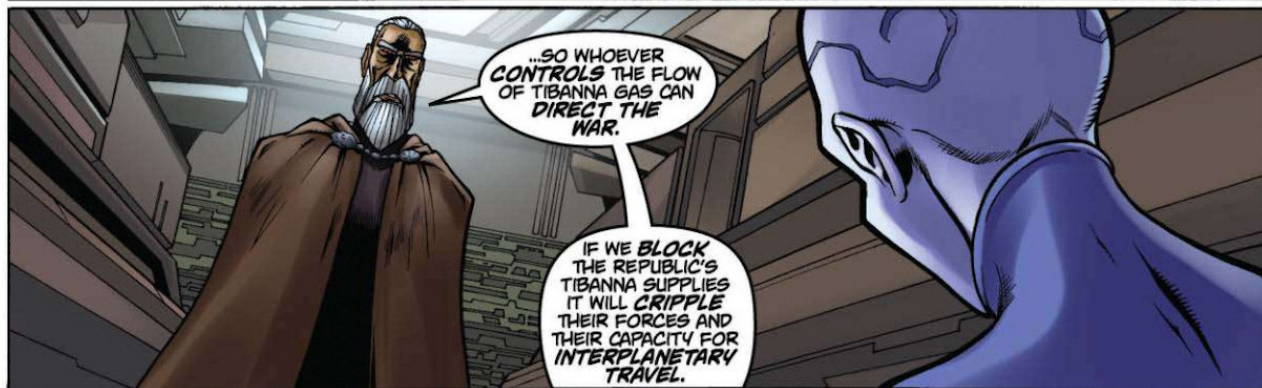
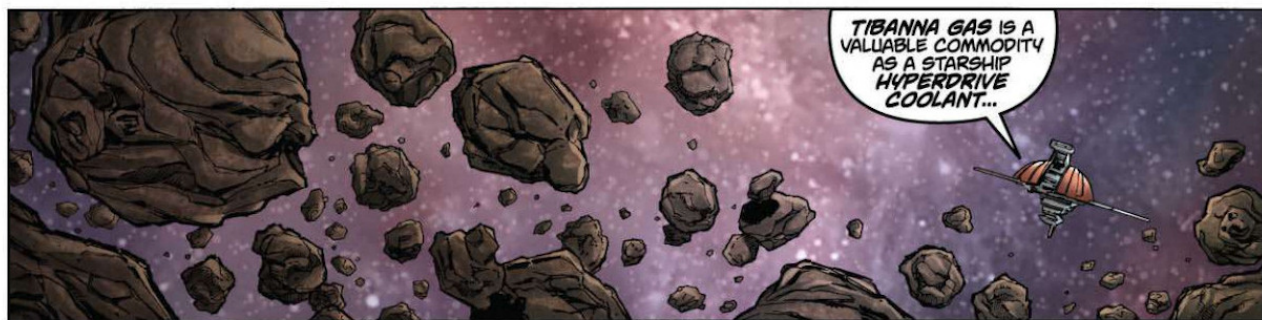






THE END





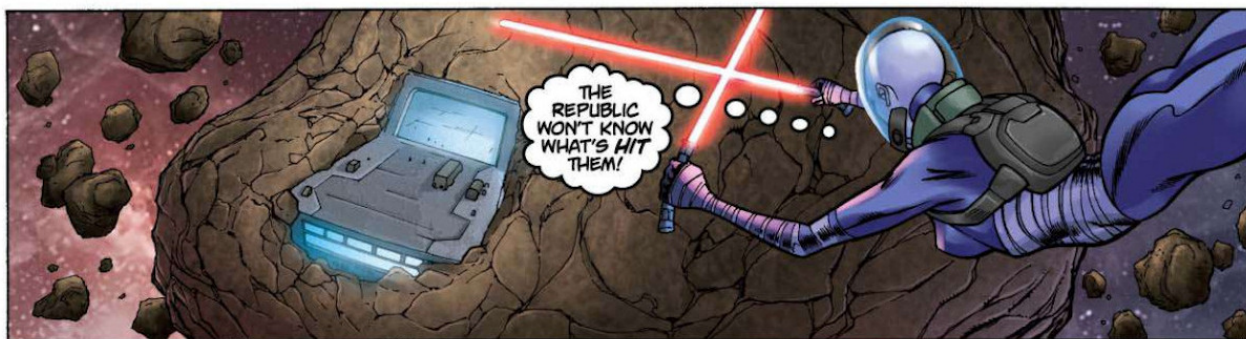


# IN THE AIR

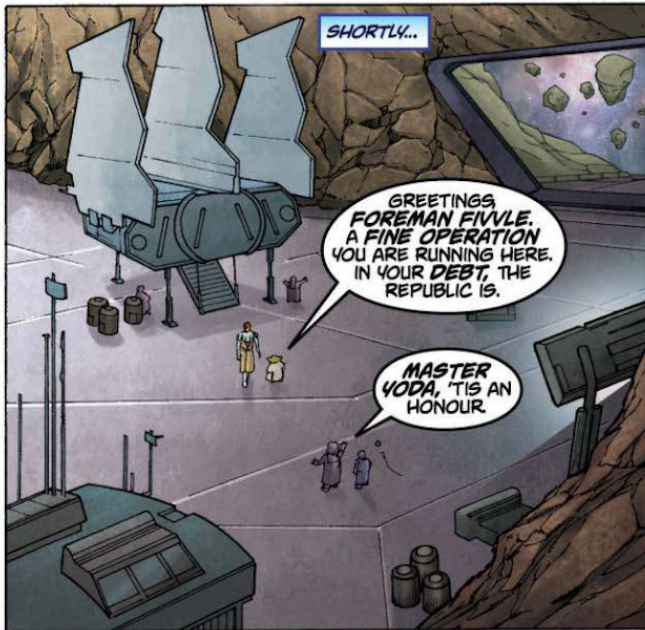


WRITER  
RIK HOSKIN  
ARTIST  
ANDRES PONCE  
COLOURS  
DIGIKORE  
LETTERS  
ANDREW JAMES





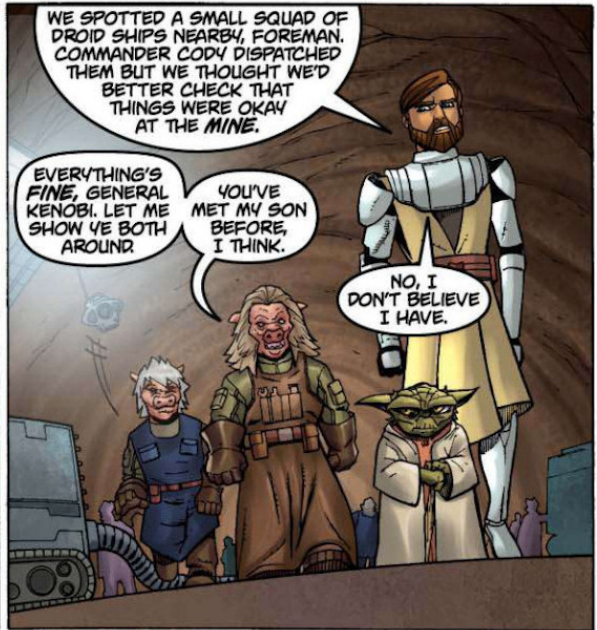




SHORTLY...

GREETINGS, FOREMAN FIVVLE. A FINE OPERATION YOU ARE RUNNING HERE. IN YOUR DEBT, THE REPUBLIC IS.

MASTER YODA, 'TIS AN HONOUR.



WE SPOTTED A SMALL SQUAD OF DROID SHIPS NEARBY, FOREMAN. COMMANDER CODY DISPATCHED THEM BUT WE THOUGHT WE'D BETTER CHECK THAT THINGS WERE OKAY AT THE MINE.

EVERYTHING'S FINE, GENERAL KENOBI. LET ME SHOW YE BOTH AROUND.

YOU'VE MET MY SON BEFORE, I THINK.

NO, I DON'T BELIEVE I HAVE.

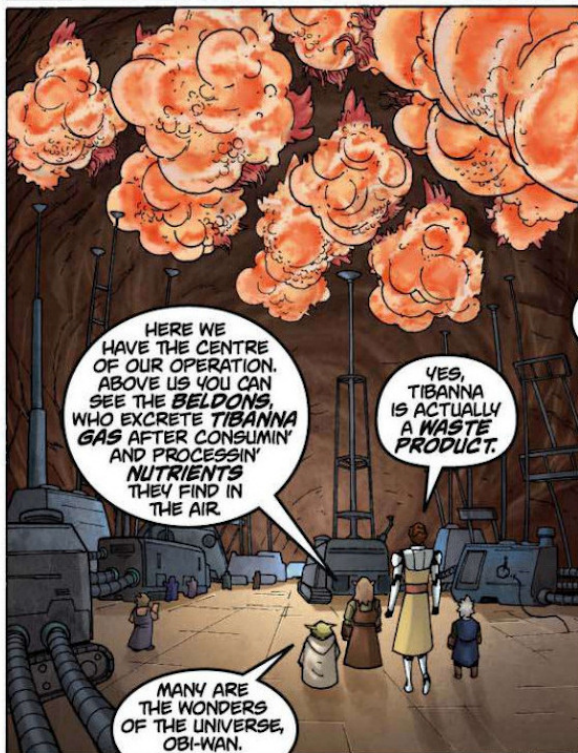


ARS FIVVLE, GENERAL.

'TIS TRULY AN HONOUR TO MEET TWO JEDI ON THE SAME DAY.

DO YOU MIND ME RECORDIN' THE MEETING FOR MY JOURNAL?

GO AHEAD. THAT'S ONE SMART-LOOKING CAMERA DROID.



HERE WE HAVE THE CENTRE OF OUR OPERATION. ABOVE US YOU CAN SEE THE BELDONS, WHO EXCRETE TIBANNA GAS AFTER CONSUMIN' AND PROCESSIN' NUTRIENTS THEY FIND IN THE AIR.

YES, TIBANNA IS ACTUALLY A WASTE PRODUCT.

MANY ARE THE WONDERS OF THE UNIVERSE, OBI-WAN.



THE MINING PROCESS IS...

FATHER! MY CAMERA! IT'S GONE CRAZY!



IT'S NOT JUST YOUR CAMERA, SON -- THE GRAVITY'S BECOME UNSTABLE!

NOT THE GRAVITY, FOREMAN FIVVLE -- AFFECTING THE BELDONS, SOMETHING IS.

EXCRETING POISONED TIBANNA GAS THEY ARE.





JEDI?  
HERE?

FINISH  
DISTRIBUTING  
THE SPORES AND  
WE'LL MOVE OUT.  
AND DO IT  
QUIETLY.

ROGER  
ROGER.



WHATEVER'S  
POLLUTED THE  
AIR, IT'S MAKING  
EVERYTHING...



...LIG-  
HT-  
ERRRRR!

SEEMS  
I SPOKE  
TOO SOON.  
WHAT  
HAPPENED?

UNEVEN,  
THE EFFECT  
IS, MOST  
DANGEROUS  
NOW, IS THIS  
TIBANNA  
GAS.



WHOOOPS.  
THERE  
GOES MY  
PROMOTION.

CLANG

I TOLD  
YOU TO BE  
QUIET!



MASTER  
YODA,  
LOOK!

ENEMIES  
IN OUR MIDST,  
IT SEEMS.









COME NOW,  
GIANT ONES,  
LET US ALL WORK  
TOGETHER.

WHAT  
TH-?

THERE ARE  
HEAVY POCKETS  
ALL OVER, THANKS  
TO YOUR SPORES!  
YOUR SCHEME HAS  
LEFT NEITHER OF  
US WITH A LEG  
TO STAND  
ON!

SLASH

I NEVER  
COULD SEE  
MUCH POINT  
IN USING TWO  
LIGHTSABERS...

...IT  
SEEMS  
A BIT TOO  
FLASHY TO  
ME.

YES, THAT'S  
IT -- REMOVE THE  
SPORES FROM THE  
AIR, YOU MUST.

DESTROY  
THEM  
SWIFTLY.

ALL OF  
THEM, IF YOU  
PLEASE.







ABOVE THE PLANET ASUIN,  
DEEP WITHIN HUTT SPACE.

WITH SEPARATIST  
FORCES ALERTED TO  
THEIR PRESENCE, ANAKIN  
AND OBI-WAN RISK  
A DROPSHIP LANDING  
ON A PLANET BESEIGED  
BY FIERCE ICE STORMS.

THEIR MISSION: RECOVER  
A CRASHED ESCAPE POD  
CONTAINING THE STOLEN  
LOCATION OF THE SEPARATIST  
HYPERMATTER GENERATORS.

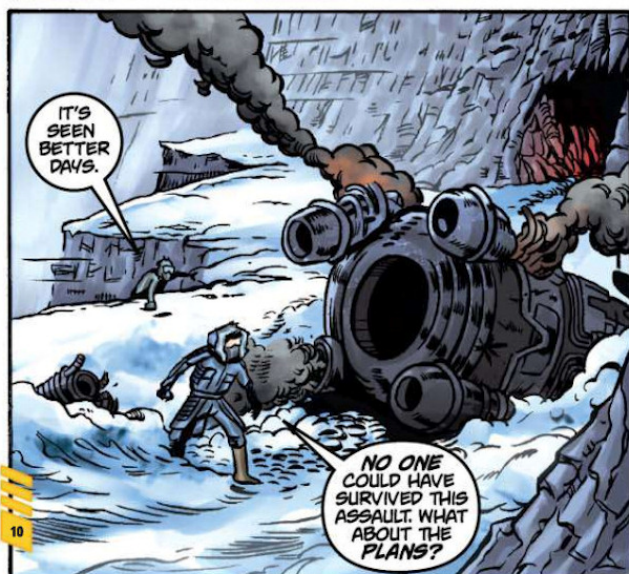
WITH THIS  
INFORMATION,  
THE REPUBLIC  
COULD TURN  
THE TIDE OF  
THE WAR!



















DON'T FIRE!  
WE'RE HERE TO  
RESCUE YOU.



I'M SORRY, GENERAL.  
SINCE THE CRASH, I'VE  
BEEN... RATHER  
TWITCHY.

UNDER-  
STANDABLE.  
WHERE IS YOUR  
DROID?



YOU CAN  
COME OUT NOW,  
J-3PO.



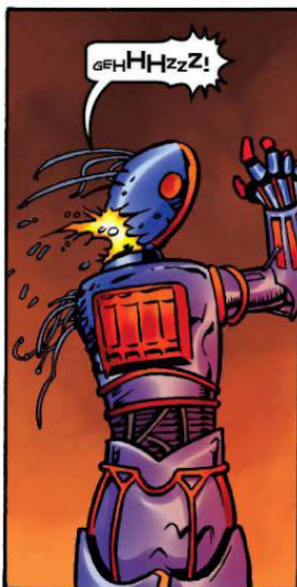
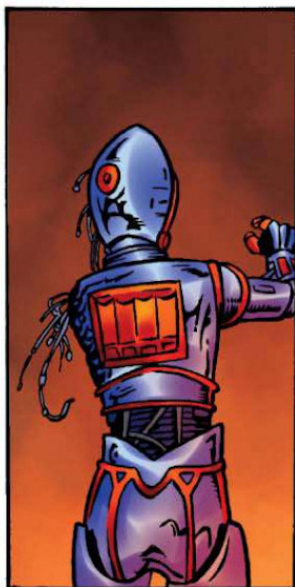
BZZFTT-- PLEASED TO  
MAKE YOUR ACU-ADU--  
AD-- HELLO.

CHARMED  
NOW WE SHOULD  
GO.

THE  
SEPARATISTS  
WILL BE HERE AT  
ANY MOMENT, AND  
WE'VE NO WAY OF  
COMMUNICATING  
WITH OUR DROPSHIP.



FZZZZTZZ--  
FOLLOW  
ME.



GEHHZZZ!



HOW NICE TO SEE  
YOU AGAIN,  
BOYS.

I DO HOPE  
THIS WASN'T  
THE DROID YOU  
WERE LOOKING  
FOR.





LOOKS LIKE YOUR MISSION IS OVER.



COME FACE YOUR DOOM, INSTEAD.

WITH PLEASURE.



NO NEED TO BE SO MORBID, VENTRESS.

ALWAYS WITH THE QUIPS, JEDI.



IF YOU SPENT MORE TIME FOCUSING ON YOUR SKILLS WITH THE BLADE... PERHAPS THIS WOULDN'T HAPPEN!

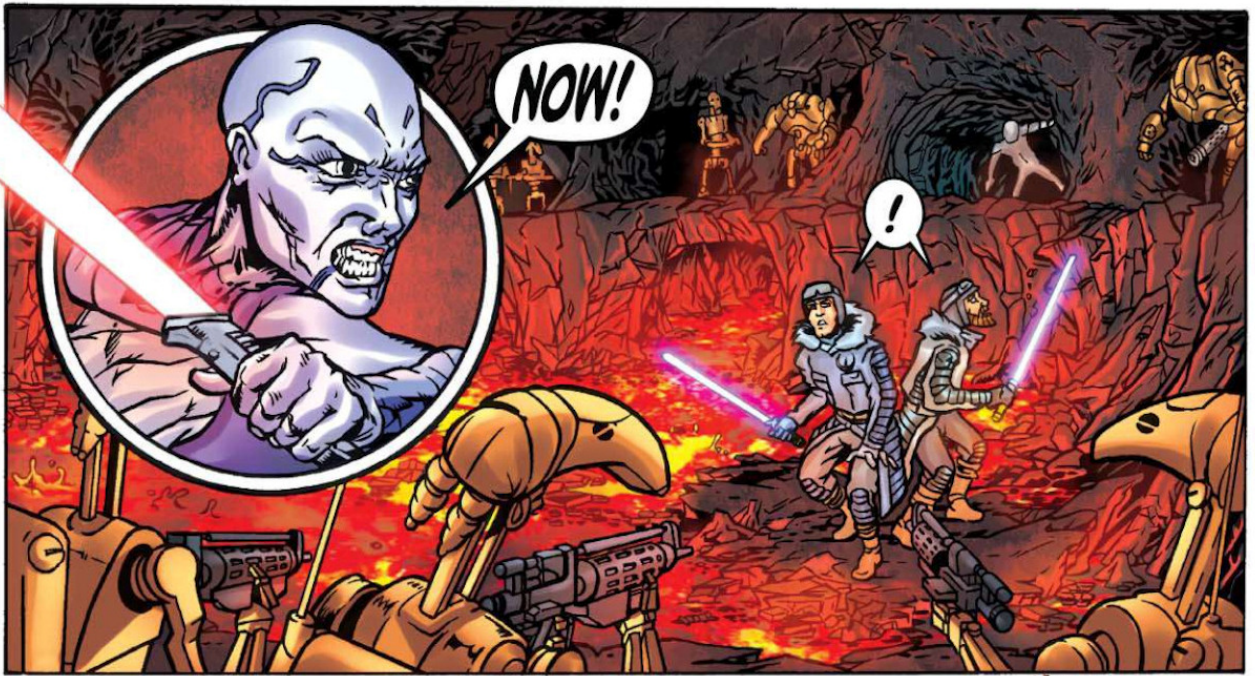


WHAT--



OOOOOOF!











DEEP IN THE OUTER RIM, IN THE NILGAARD SECTOR, LIES THE PLANET OF MAKEM TE.

# BURN THE BEHEMOTH!

ONCE ALIGNED WITH THE SEPARATISTS, MAKEM TE HAS RECENTLY REJOINED THE REPUBLIC; A DECISION MADE LARGELY TO PROTECT ITS MINING INTERESTS.

WRITER  
ROBIN ETHERINGTON  
ARTIST  
TANYA ROBERTS

THE POWERFUL IRON CITY OF THOUSAND THOUSAND HAS SURVIVED COUNTLESS CONFLICTS WITHOUT ASSISTANCE.

SO WHAT NEW THREAT COULD CAUSE ITS INHABITANTS TO COWER IN FEAR?

COLOURS  
DIGIKORE  
LETTERS  
ANDREW JAMES

WHAT COULD BE DANGEROUS ENOUGH TO WARRANT AN ENTIRE LEGION OF CLONES TO UNDERTAKE AN EXPEDITION INTO THE BRUTAL DESERT?

ASIDE FROM SAND, WHAT CAN YOU SEE, CAPTAIN?

TARGET'S DEAD AHEAD, GENERAL. BUT I DON'T THINK WE BROUGHT NEARLY ENOUGH TROOPERS...

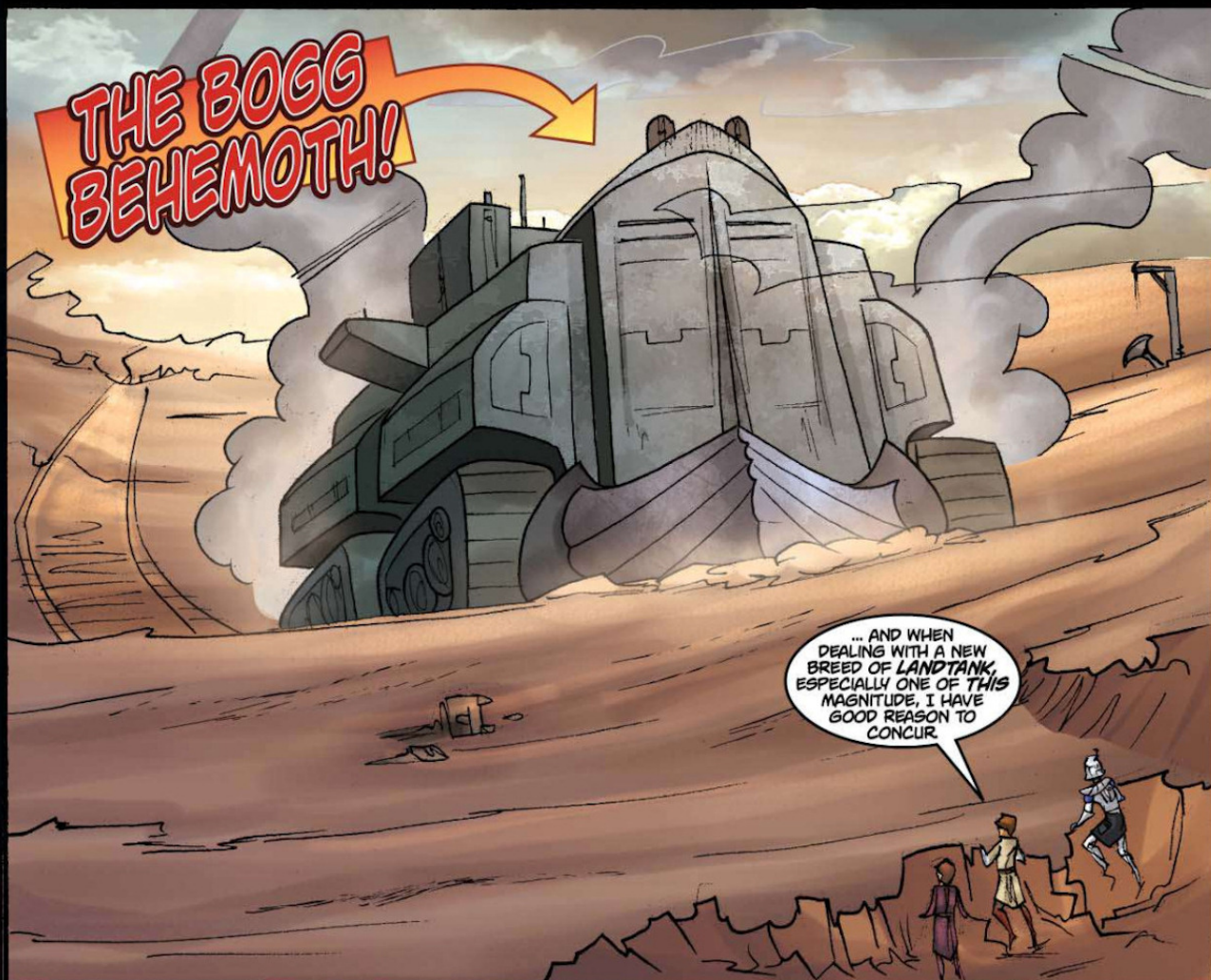
NOT LIKE YOU TO BE SO DRAMATIC, REX. YOU'RE LEADING A BATTLE-HARDENED UNIT, SUPPORTED BY JUGGERNAUTS, COMMANDOS AND TWO JEDI!

THIS'LL BE A WALK IN THE... UH... DESERT.

AND TRUST ME, I KNOW DESERT.

YOUR CONFIDENCE IS ADMIRABLE, ANAKIN, AND YOU MAY BE RIGHT, BUT THE COUNCIL ADVISED CAUTION...





# THE BOGG BEHEMOTH!

... AND WHEN DEALING WITH A NEW BREED OF LANDTANK, ESPECIALLY ONE OF THIS MAGNITUDE, I HAVE GOOD REASON TO CONCUR.



THAT THING IS...  
**HUGE.**

I'M ALMOST IMPRESSED.



THE INTEL WE INTERCEPTED SUGGESTS THAT IT'S **INOPERABLE** -- HEAVY WEAPONS ARE ALL OFFLINE WHILE IT UNDERGOES FINAL TESTING -- WHICH MAKES THIS OUR BEST CHANCE TO STRIKE. READY, REX?

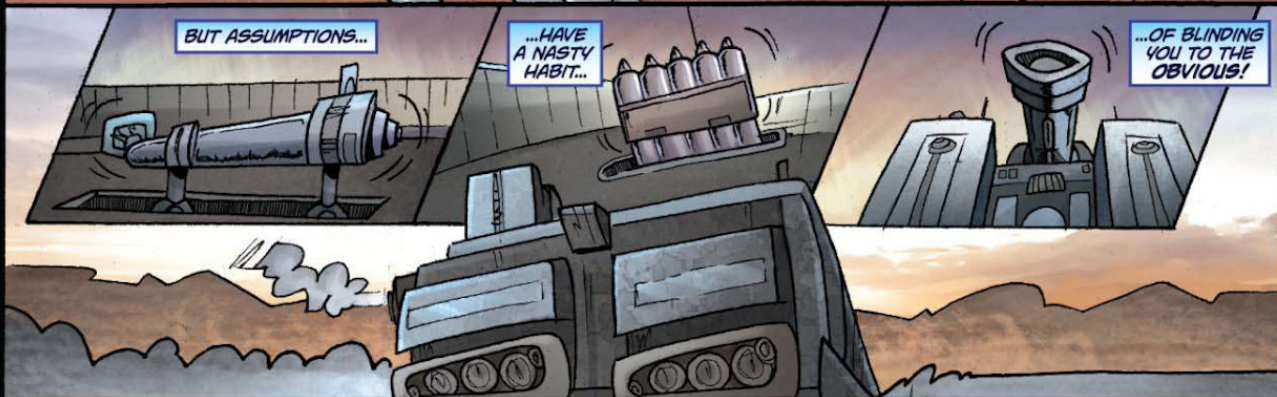
LEAVE IT TO ME, SIR.



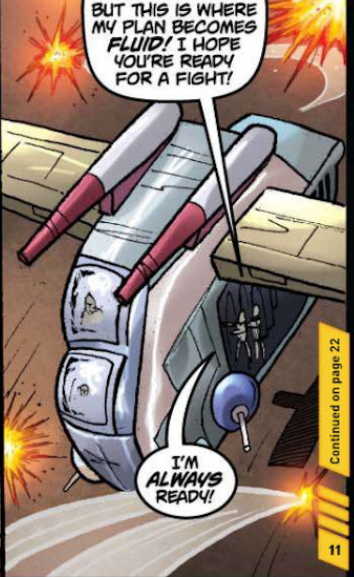
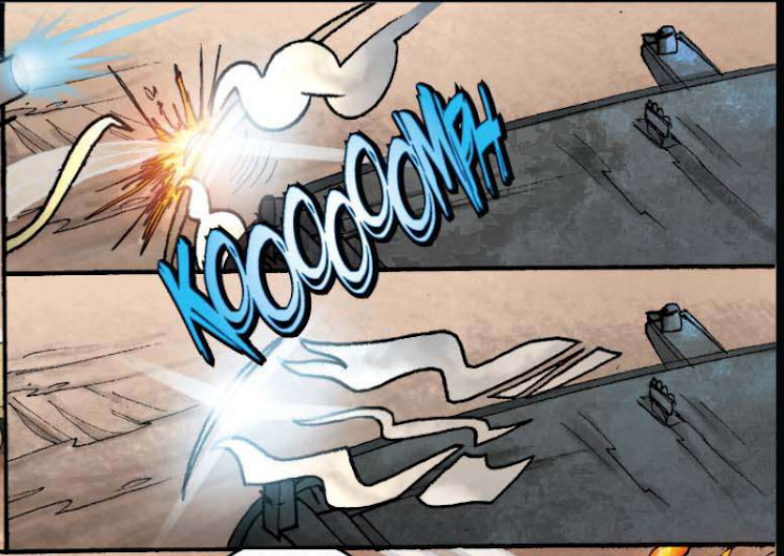
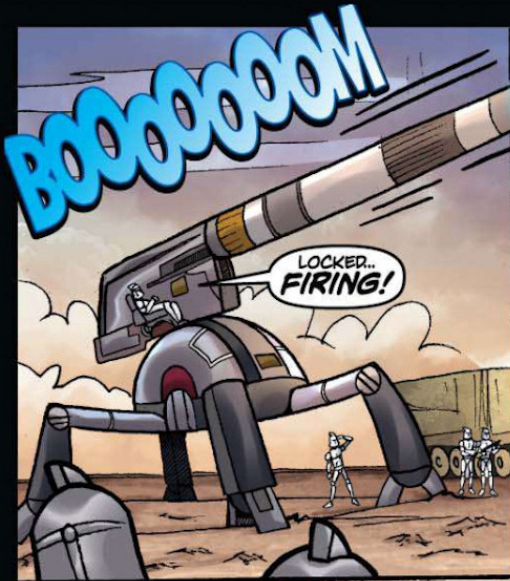
**ALL SQUADS, FORM RANKS!**

**TAKE THIS OVERGROWN CLANKER IN THE NAME OF THE REPUBLIC!**













HOW ARE WE GETTING AWAY WITH THIS? THIS THING SHOULD BE A FLYING BLASTER MAGNET!

WIAAAMM

ZAAAAAMM



THE LAAT/1 IS HIGHLY MANOEUVRABLE! THOSE HEAVY CANNON, PERFECT FOR REPELLING GROUND UNITS, ARE NOT DESIGNED TO COMBAT ONE SWIFT SHIP!



CLONE TROOPERS! SECURE THE DECK!



IT'S TOO QUIET, SIR... EVEN FOR CLANKERS...

WHICH MEANS THIS HUNK OF JUNK HAS ONE FINAL SURPRISE FOR US...

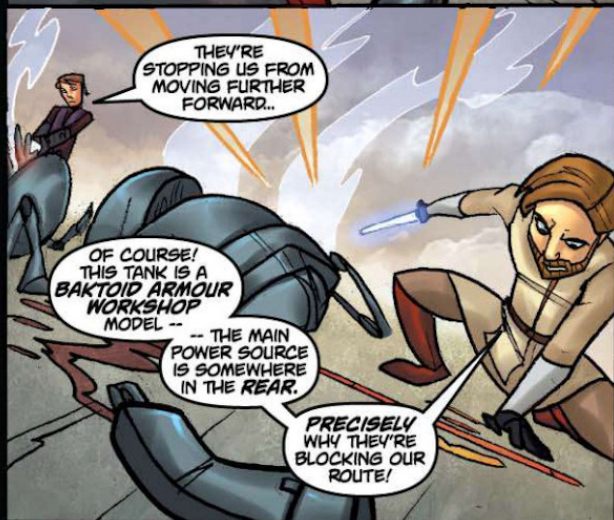


...AND HERE IT COMES!

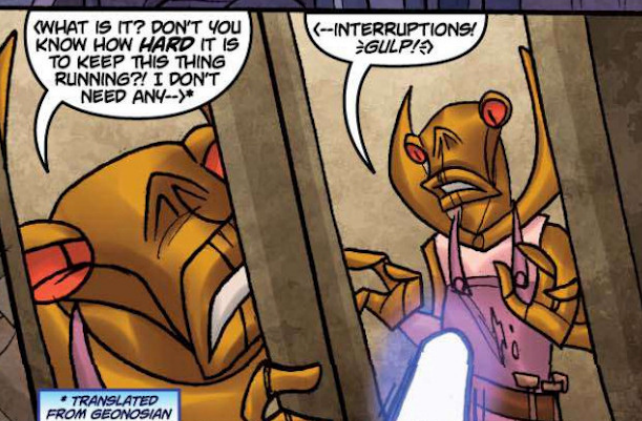


SPIDER DROIDS! HUNDREDS OF 'EM!

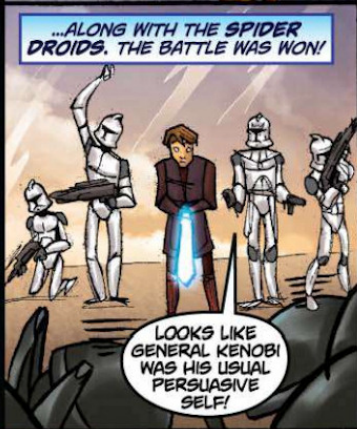






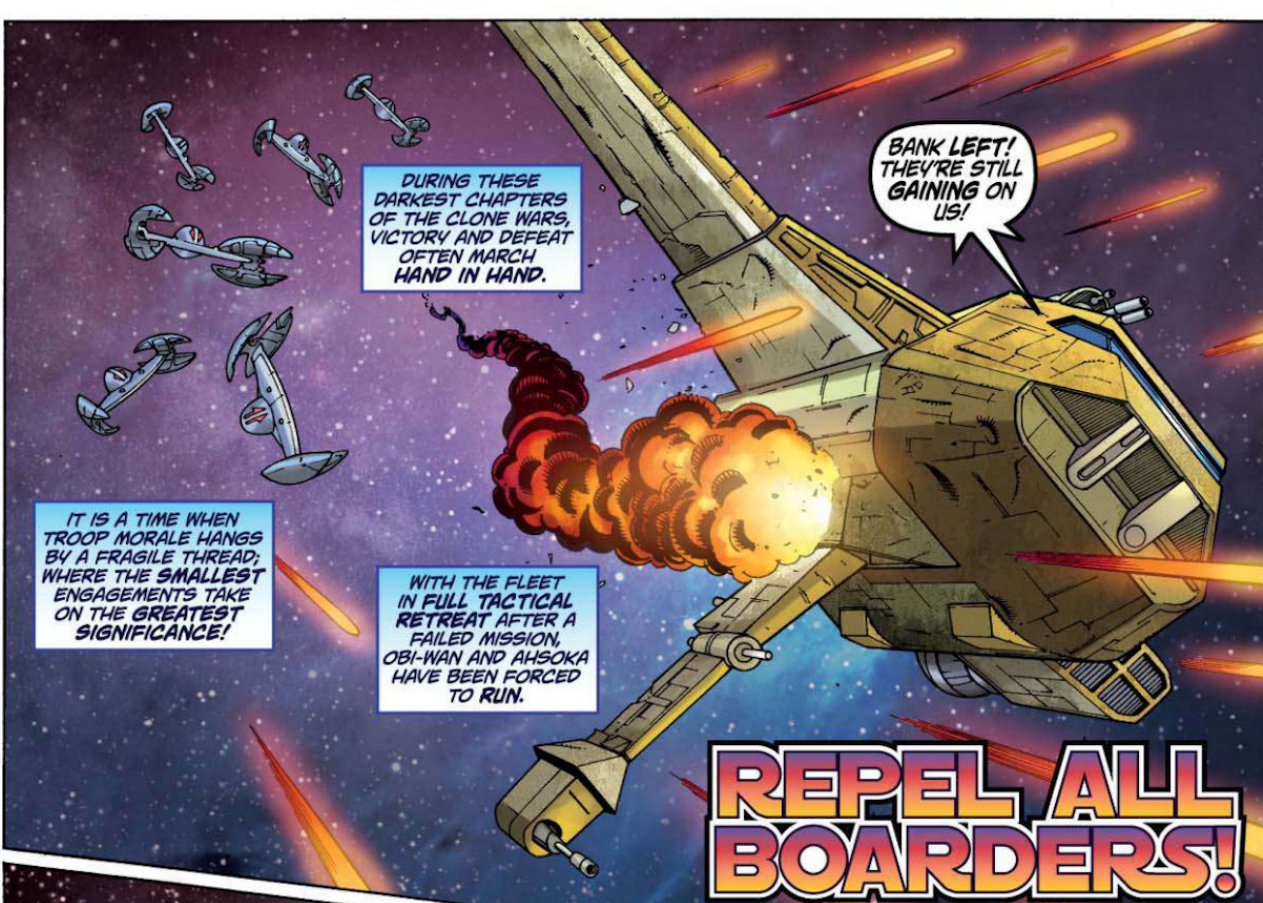






THE END!





DURING THESE DARKEST CHAPTERS OF THE CLONE WARS, VICTORY AND DEFEAT OFTEN MARCH HAND IN HAND.

BANK LEFT! THEY'RE STILL GAINING ON US!

IT IS A TIME WHEN TROOP MORALE HANGS BY A FRAGILE THREAD, WHERE THE SMALLEST ENGAGEMENTS TAKE ON THE GREATEST SIGNIFICANCE!

WITH THE FLEET IN FULL TACTICAL RETREAT AFTER A FAILED MISSION, OBI-WAN AND AHSOKA HAVE BEEN FORCED TO RUN.

# REPEL ALL BOARDERS!



BUT THEY HAVE BEEN PURSUED BY A PACK OF VULTURE-CLASS STARFIGHTERS, THE DROIDS SMELLING BLOOD AMONG THE STARS...



THEIR HURRIED, DESPERATE ATTACK BRINGS ABOUT AN INEVITABLE RESULT...

...BUT THE OUTCOME OF THE BATTLE IS FAR FROM DECIDED...





WHAT WAS THAT?

WRITER  
ROBIN ETHERINGTON  
ARTIST  
ANDRES PONCE



WE'VE LOST THE HYPERDRIVE, COMMANDER TANO! AND ENGINES ONE AND TWO HAVE SHUT DOWN!

COLOURS  
DIGIKORE  
LETTERS  
ANDREW JAMES

ONE MORE HIT, GENERAL KENOBI, AND WE'RE DEAD IN SPACE!



TODAY HASN'T EXACTLY GONE TO PLAN, HAS IT?

THAT'S THE THING ABOUT A PLAN, AHSOKA. THE ENEMY HAS ONE TOO... AND OCCASIONALLY THEIRS IS BETTER THAN OURS.



BETTER? THAT Pincer MOVEMENT THEY PULLED ON THE FLEET WAS DEVASTATING.

WE WERE LUCKY TO SAVE WHAT WE COULD, MASTER... AND JUST LOOK AT THE STATE THEY'RE IN.



WHEN WE GET BOARDED--

--THESE MEN WILL PROVE THEIR WORTH.

YOU DIDN'T USED TO BE SO EAGER TO SEE DEFEAT IN THE EYES OF OTHERS.

MAYBE I'VE SEEN TOO MANY BATTLE-FIELDS.



"THE REMNANTS OF THE 38<sup>TH</sup> ARMoured BATTALION..."

"SIX ENGINEERS ON LIFE-SUPPORT, FOUR MORE WITH LONG-TERM INJURIES... AS BEATEN AS THEIR BATTLE-TANK."

"I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY THEY WANTED TO SALVAGE THAT HUNK OF JUNK."

SHUTTLE APPROACHING AT RAMMING SPEED!  
**BRACE!**





LEFT A BIT...  
RIGHT A BIT...  
STAY ON  
TARGET...

ROGER,  
ROGER!



THE DROIDS  
ARE ALMOST AS  
IMPATIENT AS  
YOU, AHSOKA.



REMEMBER  
THE GENERAL'S  
ORDERS -- **NO  
PRISONERS!**  
DESTROY THEM  
ALL!



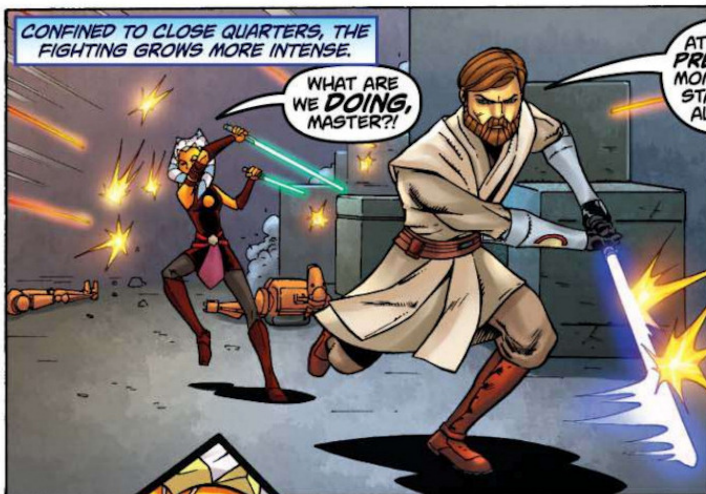
ER... JEDI!  
THERE'S A  
FLYING JEDI  
ONBOARD!











CONFINED TO CLOSE QUARTERS, THE FIGHTING GROWS MORE INTENSE.

WHAT ARE WE **DOING**, MASTER?!

AT THIS **PRECISE** MOMENT? STAYING ALIVE!



FORGIVE MY **BLUNTNESS**, BUT WE'RE WASTING PRECIOUS TIME!



THE ONLY HOPE WE HAVE OF GETTING OUT OF HERE IS TO BREAK FREE OF THAT **SEPARATIST SHIP**!

THEY'RE BRINGING **MORE DROIDS** ON BOARD EVERY MINUTE!



WHY DON'T WE **DEPRESSURISE** THE HOLDING BAY AND LET THE VACUUM SUCK THAT TANK OUT AS A **BATTERING RAM**?

IT'S HEAVY ENOUGH TO CLEAR THE WRECKAGE!

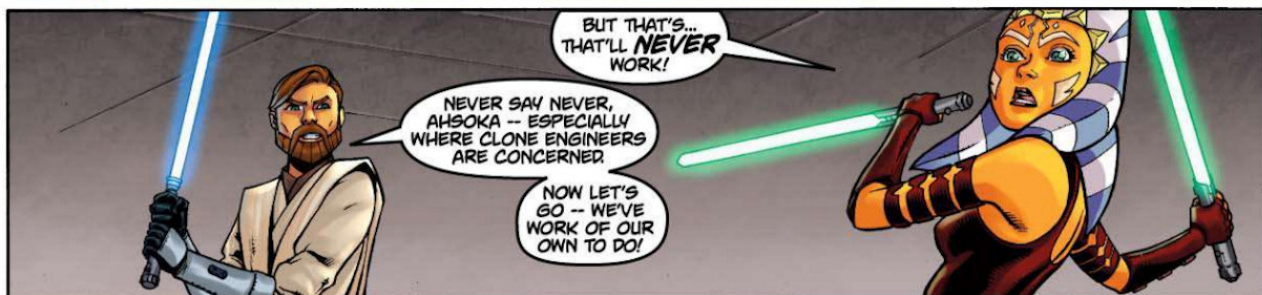
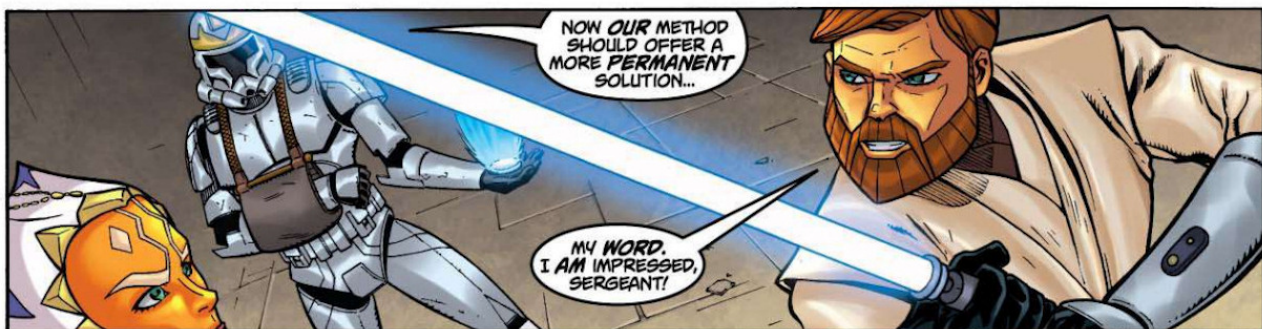


HMMMM... THAT'S NOT A BAD IDEA. SERGEANT GAFFA -- WHAT DO YOU THINK?

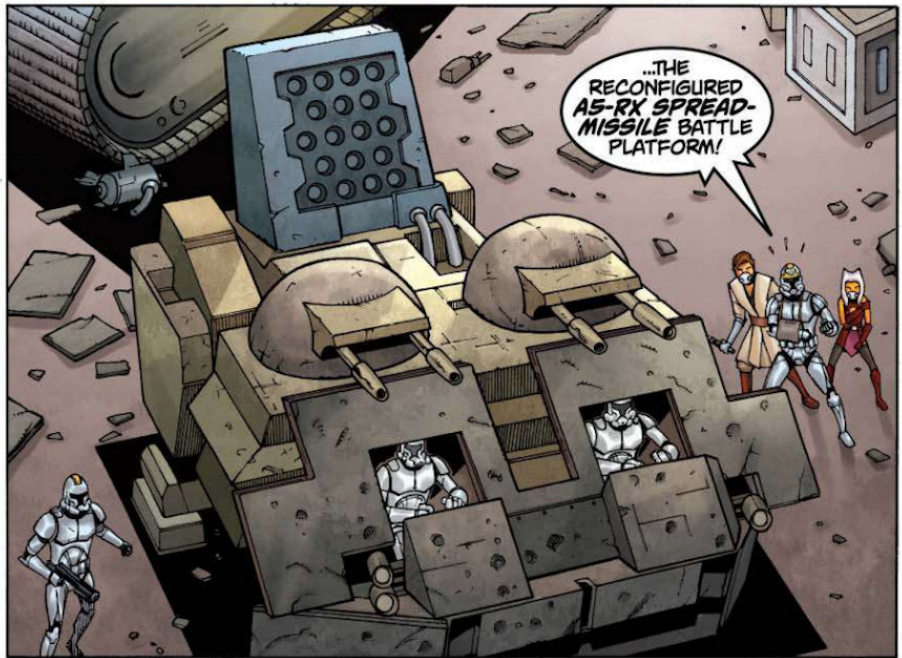


ACHIEVEABLE, BUT **TACTICALLY UNSOUND**. WE'D BE LEAVING OURSELVES **WIDE OPEN** TO ATTACK FROM THOSE **VULTURES** OUTSIDE.

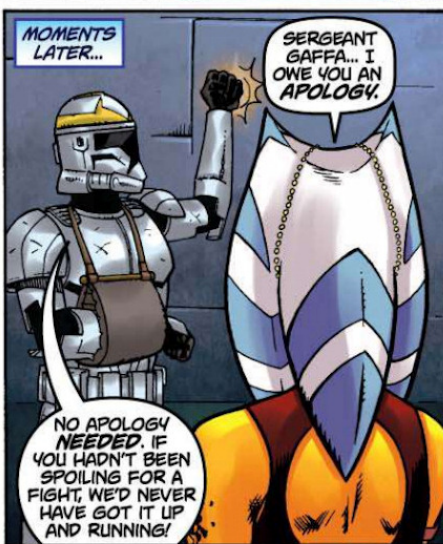












THE  
END.



MALASTARE.

I HAVE  
A *BAD* FEELING  
ABOUT THIS.

WRITER  
RIK HOSKIN  
ARTIST  
WILL SLINEY

COLOURS  
DIGIKORE  
LETTERS  
ANDREW  
JAMES

# DUG OUT







CLANKERS  
TOOK OUT OUR  
THRUSTERS, GENERAL.  
WE'RE NOT GETTING  
OUT OF HERE ANY  
TIME SOON.

AT LEAST  
YOUR MEN MADE  
IT OUT ALIVE. COUNT  
YOURSELF LUCKY,  
COMMANDER.



I'M PICKING UP  
A CONCENTRATION  
OF METAL UP AHEAD,  
GENERAL. HAS TO  
BE THE DROID  
ENCAMPMENT.

GOOD  
WORK,  
SOLDIER.

AFTER THAT  
LANDING, I CAN'T  
WAIT TO BUST  
SOME METAL  
SKULLS!

YOUR  
ENTHUSIASM DOES  
YOU CREDIT, BUT BE  
MINDFUL, LITTLE  
'SOKA.

REPUBLIC  
INTELLIGENCE  
HAS TRACKED  
SEVERAL HEAVILY-  
CLOAKED COMMANDO  
DROID SHUTTLES  
TO THIS AREA.

WHATEVER  
THEY'RE UP TO,  
THEY DON'T WANT  
ANYONE KNOWING  
ABOUT IT.



THE COUNCIL  
SUSPECTS THAT THE  
SEPARATISTS ARE HERE  
SEARCHING FOR DEADLY  
NATURAL PREDATORS...

BUT WHY COME HERE,  
MASTER PLO? MALASTARE IS  
UNDERDEVELOPED AS IT IS  
AND AREAS LIKE THIS STILL  
REMAIN UNMAPPED.



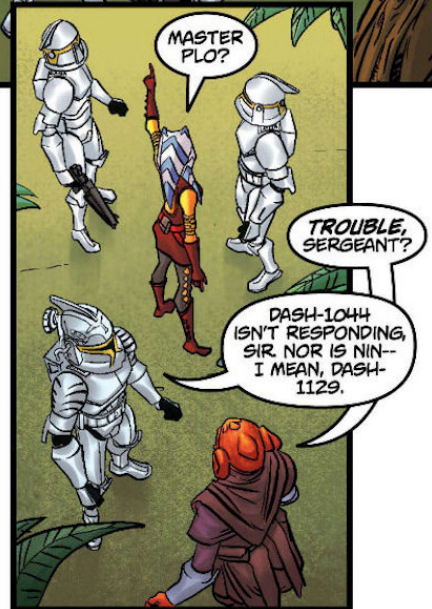
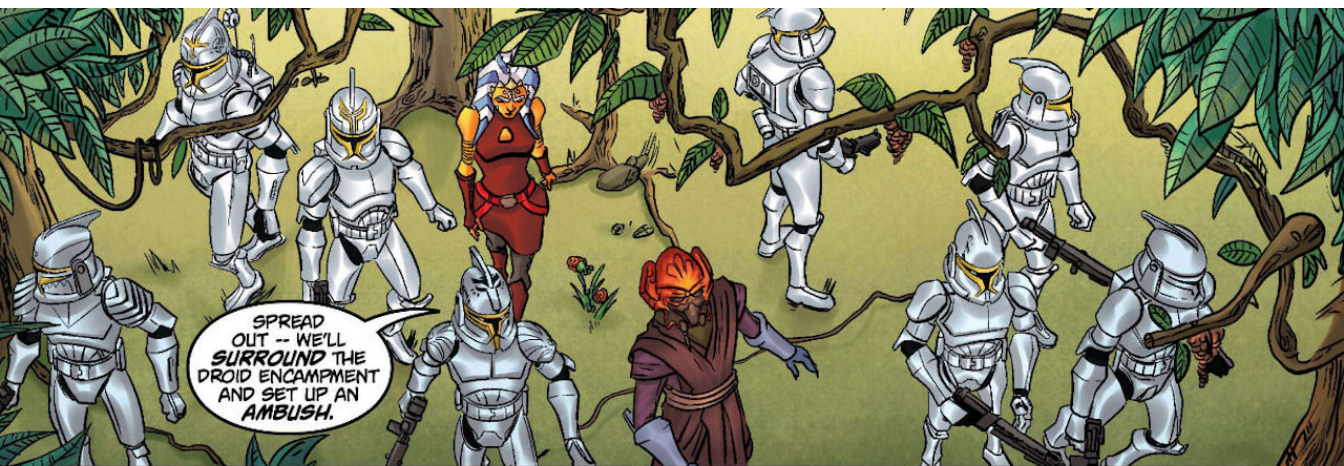
"...SUCH AS THE  
NOW-EXTINCT  
ZILLO BEAST."

IF THEIR  
TECHNICIANS  
CAN GET A SAMPLE  
OF ZILLO DNA, THEY  
MIGHT BE ABLE TO  
CLONE A NEW WAR  
BEAST.

IMAGINE A  
PACK OF THOSE  
LOOSE ON  
CORUSCANT!

ONE  
WAS BAD  
ENOUGH!

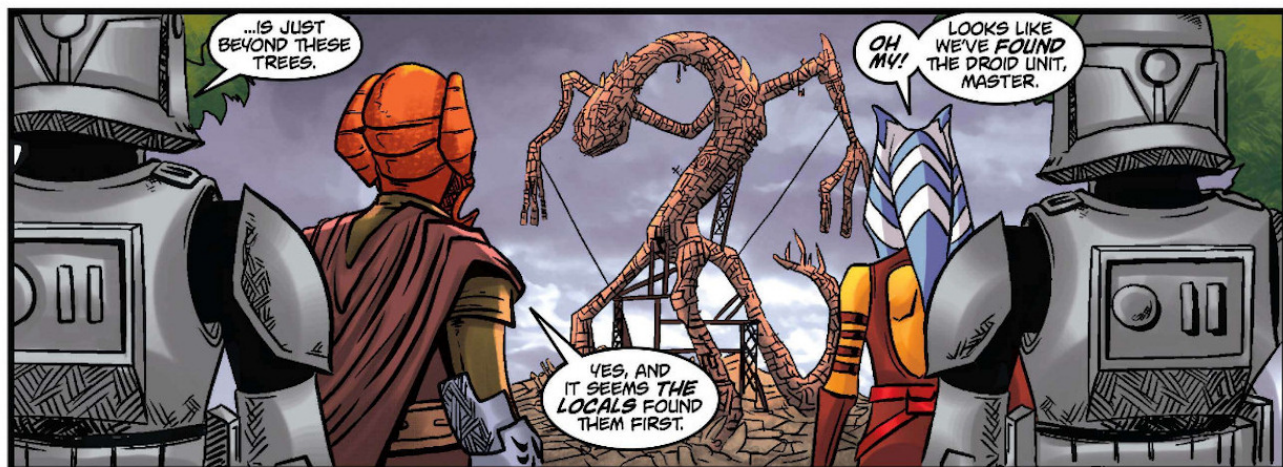








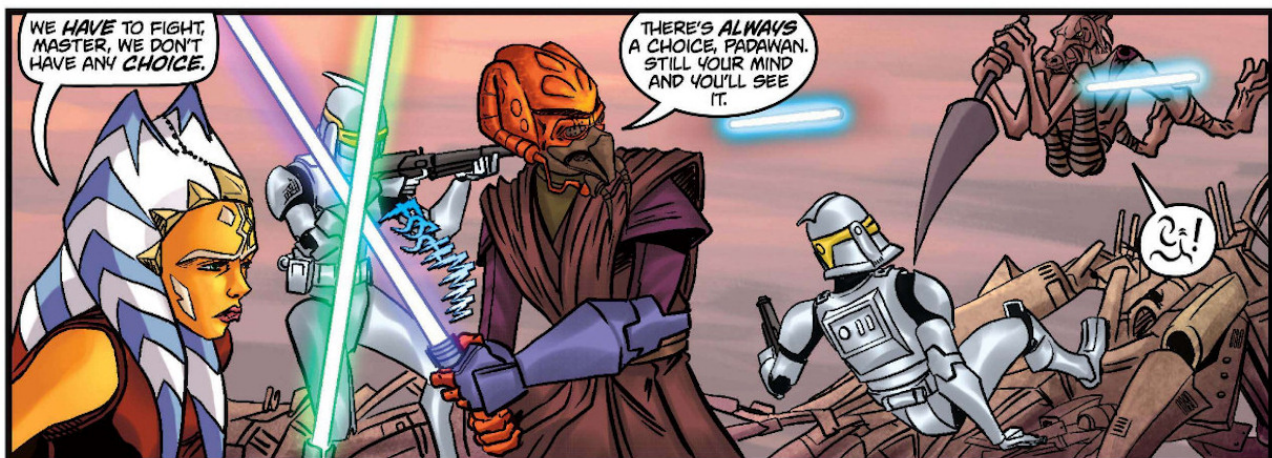




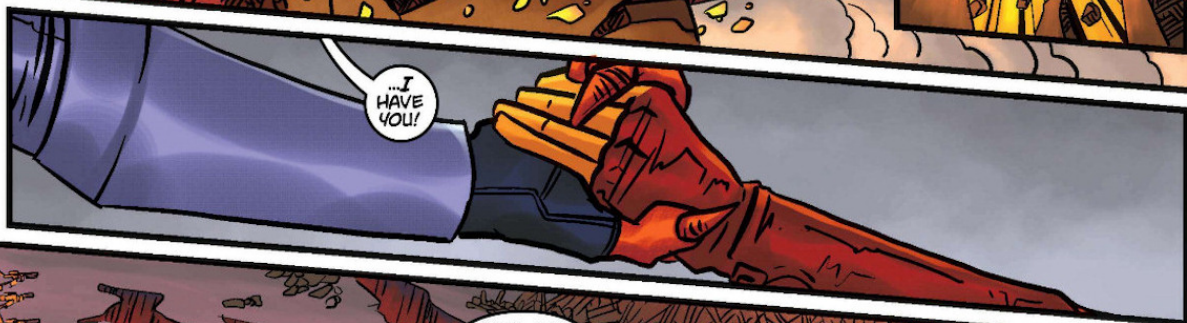




















... I HAVE  
YOU NOW!

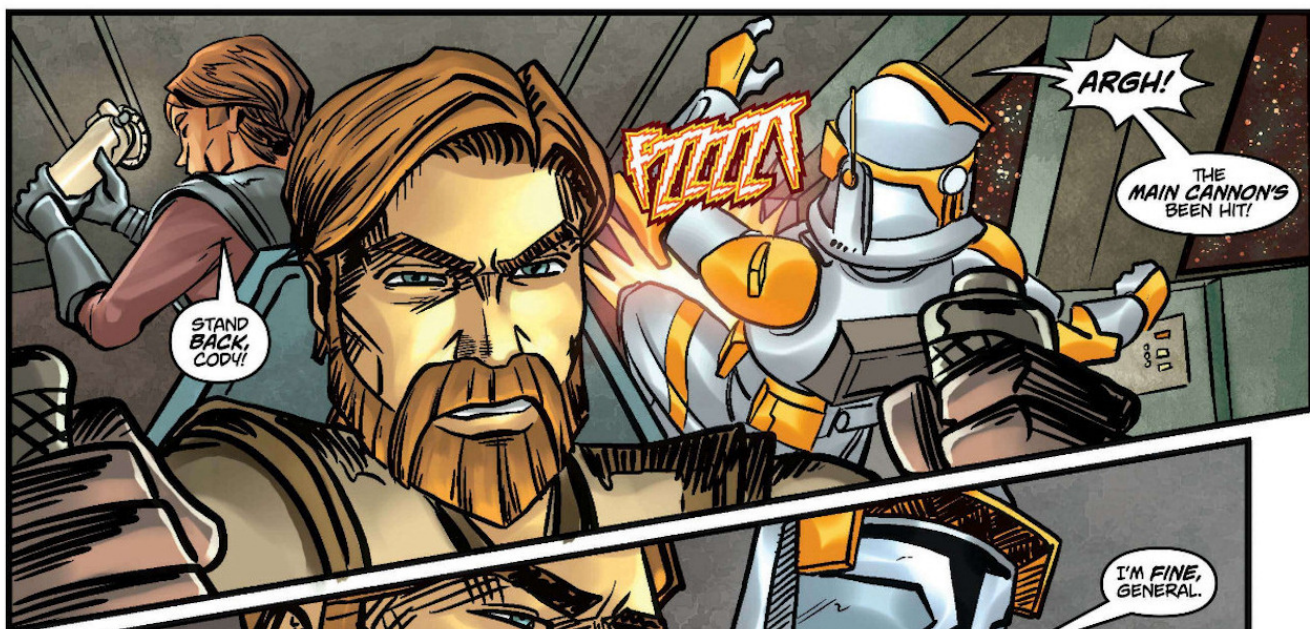
KABOOM

WRITER  
RIK HOSKIN  
ARTIST  
WILL SLINEY

COLOURS  
DIGIKORE  
LETTERS  
ANDREW  
JAMES

# OUTGUNNED





STAND  
BACK,  
CODY!

ARGH!

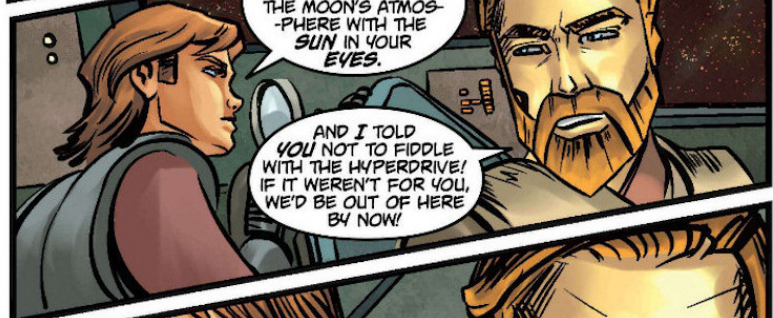
THE  
MAIN CANNON'S  
BEEN HIT!



ARE  
YOU OKAY,  
COMMANDER?

I'M FINE,  
GENERAL.

DAMN THAT  
BOUNTY HUNTER! HE'S  
BEEN ON OUR TAIL EVER  
SINCE WE LEFT *SULON*.  
WHY CAN'T WE EVER KEEP  
THESE PEOPLE IN  
PRISON?



WELL, I DID  
TELL YOU NOT TO EXIT  
THE MOON'S ATMOS-  
PHERE WITH THE  
*SUN* IN YOUR  
EYES.

AND I TOLD  
YOU NOT TO FIDDLE  
WITH THE HYPERDRIVE!  
IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU,  
WE'D BE OUT OF HERE  
BY NOW!



WITH RESPECT,  
I WAS ACTUALLY  
REPROGRAMMING  
THE NAVI-  
COMPUTER...

...IT'S JUST  
THAT THE UPDATE  
TAKES A WHILE TO  
GET IN *SYNC* WITH  
THE HYPERDRIVE.



LEAVING US  
LIKE *SITTING WOMP*  
RATS IN THE MEANTIME,  
ANAKIN!





WHAT IN THE NAME OF THE FORCE HAPPENED OUT HERE?

THIS WAS A REPAIR YARD BEFORE THE CLONE WARS ERUPTED, COMMANDER...



...NOW IT'S JUST SO MUCH DEAD SPACE.

WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO TAKE THE CONTROLS? I AM THE SUPERIOR PILOT...

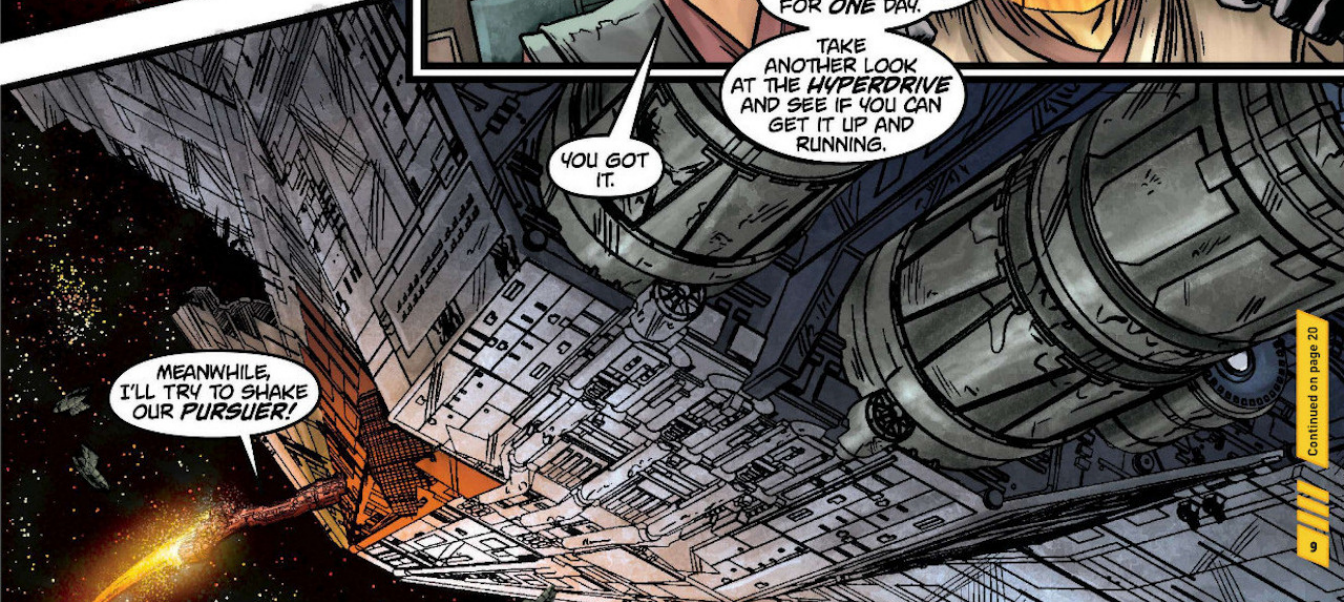


I THINK YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE FOR ONE DAY.

TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT THE **HYPERDRIVE** AND SEE IF YOU CAN GET IT UP AND RUNNING.

YOU GOT IT.

MEANWHILE, I'LL TRY TO SHAKE OUR PURSUER!







THIS ONE TOOK A MAJOR BEATING. I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED.

GENERAL GRIEVOUS'S ARMADA USED THIS AREA FOR TARGET PRACTICE A WHILE BACK.

PROBABLY FINISHED OFF WHATEVER HAD BEEN LEFT BEHIND.



LOOK, GENERAL -- MYNOCKS!

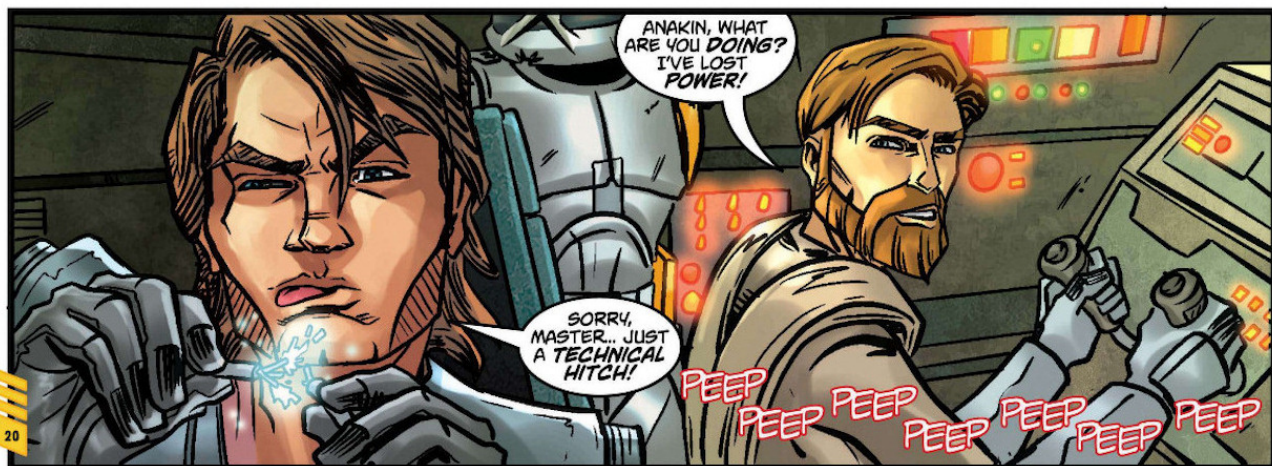
I SEE THEM! MIRACULOUS BEINGS...

...ONE OF THE FEW CREATURES ABLE TO SURVIVE IN THE COLD VACUUM OF SPACE.

BEST NOT GET TOO CLOSE, GENERAL -- THEY'LL EAT THROUGH OUR POWER CABLES AS SOON AS LOOK AT US!



AHHH, MY DEAR JEDI. CUTTING OFF YOUR ESCAPE WILL GIVE ME NO END OF PLEASURE.

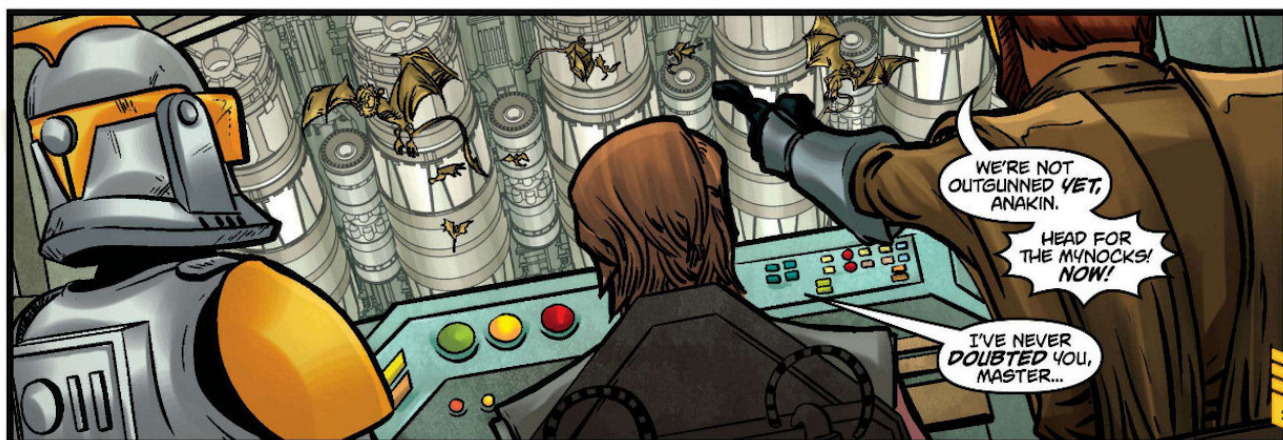
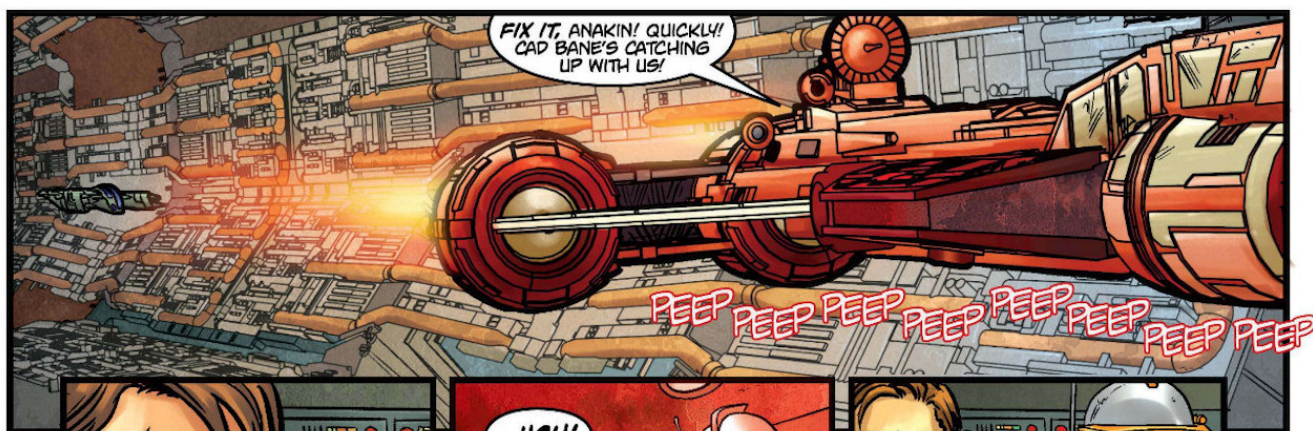


ANAKIN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? I'VE LOST POWER!

SORRY, MASTER... JUST A TECHNICAL HITCH!

PEEP PEEP PEEP PEEP PEEP PEEP PEEP PEEP









...BUT I HOPE  
YOU'RE **RIGHT**  
ABOUT THIS!

TRUST  
YOUR INSTINCTS!  
MORE IMPORTANTLY,  
TRUST **MINE!**

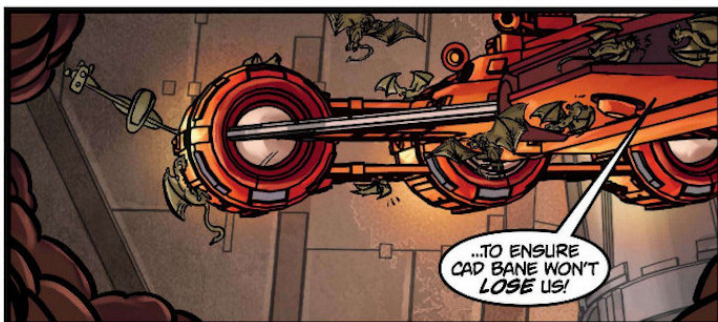


MASTER? WHAT  
ARE YOU DOING?  
THAT'S THE **TIBANNA**  
GAS RELEASE!

WITHOUT  
THAT, OUR  
WEAPONS  
WON'T--

USE YOUR  
**HEAD**, ANAKIN --  
THE CANNONS  
ALREADY OUT  
OF ACTION...

...BUT THE  
TIBANNA GAS  
WILL STILL ATTRACT  
THE **MYNOCKS!**

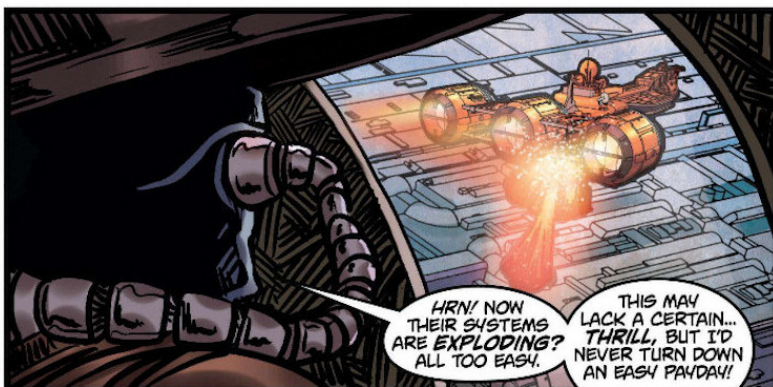


...TO ENSURE  
CAD BANE WON'T  
**LOSE US!**



THOSE MYNOCKS  
WILL CAUSE A LOT OF  
DAMAGE TO THE  
HULL...

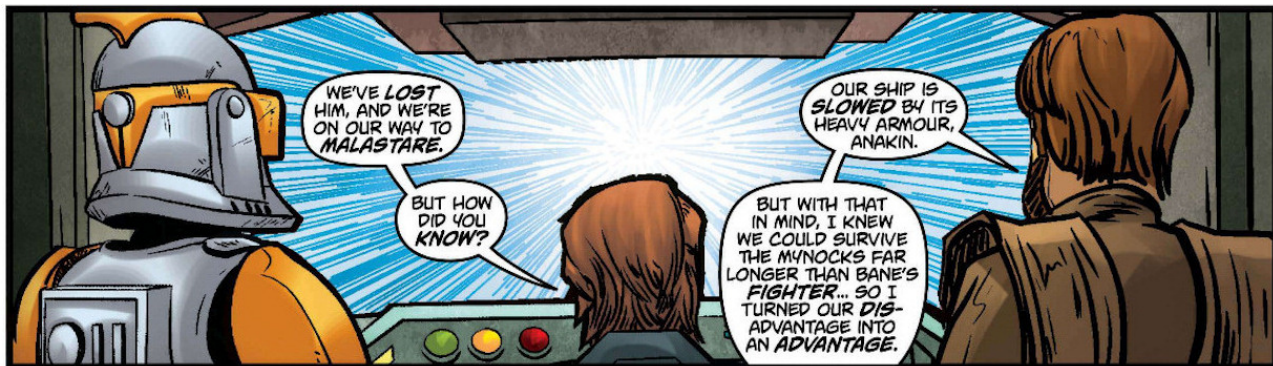
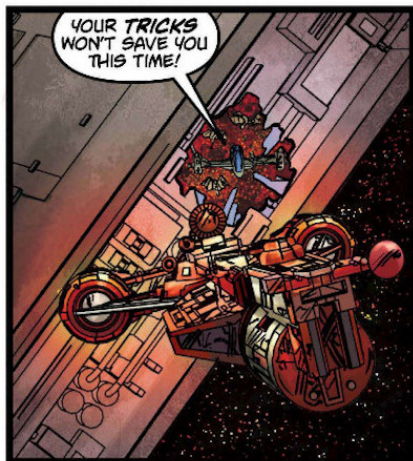
JUST KEEP  
GOING -- AND FIRE  
A **DISTRESS**  
FLARE...



HRN! NOW  
THEIR SYSTEMS  
ARE **EXPLODING?**  
ALL TOO EASY.

THIS MAY  
LACK A CERTAIN...  
**THRILL**, BUT I'D  
NEVER TURN DOWN  
AN EASY PAYDAY!







# THE FERAL QUEEN

AS THE WAR WITH THE SEPARATISTS ROLLS ON, THE REPUBLIC'S ABILITY TO RESPOND TO NEW CRISES DETERIORATES.

COMBAT ENGAGEMENTS ARE PRIORITISED AND TROOPS ASSIGNED ROLES ACCORDING TO HOW AND WHEN THEY CAN BE SPARED. UNFORTUNATELY, IT IS NOT A 'FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED' PROCESS...

WRITER  
ROBIN ETHERINGTON  
ARTIST  
ANDRES PONCE

DON'T WORRY, R7: IT'S JUST A SCRATCH! I'VE A NASTY FEELING THINGS ARE GOING TO GET A LOT WORSE...

BWEEP-BO-BOOP!

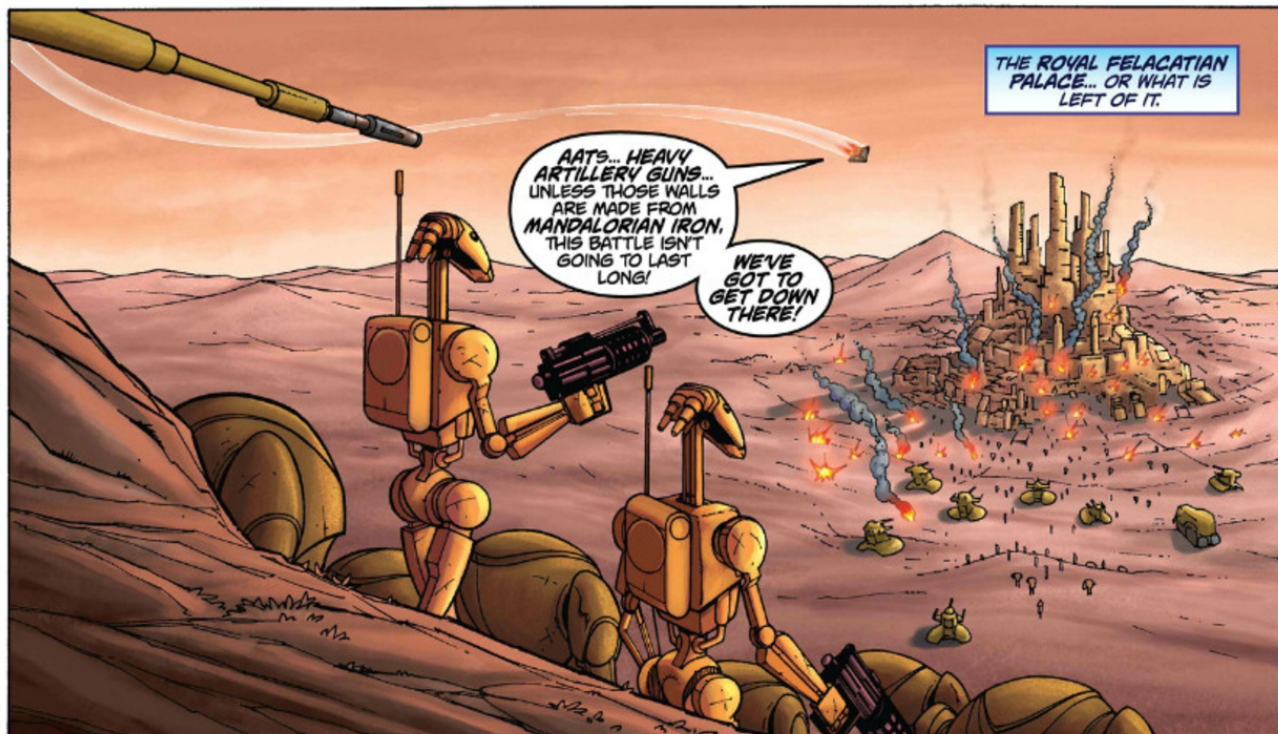
COLOURS  
DIGIKORE  
LETTERS  
ANDREW JAMES

SO THIS IS FELACAT, HUH?

LOOKS LIKE THESE POOR GUYS HAVE TAKEN A REAL BEATING...

OH, BOY...  
CORRECTION!  
THEY'RE STILL  
TAKING A REAL  
BEATING!





THE ROYAL FELACATIAN PALACE... OR WHAT IS LEFT OF IT.

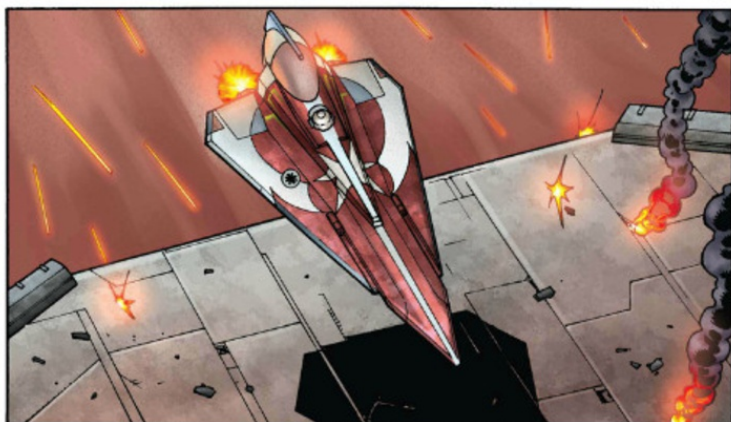
AATS... HEAVY ARTILLERY GUNS... UNLESS THOSE WALLS ARE MADE FROM MANDALORIAN IRON, THIS BATTLE ISN'T GOING TO LAST LONG!

WE'VE GOT TO GET DOWN THERE!



OF COURSE I CAN SEE THE FIRE -- BUT WHERE ELSE IS THERE TO LAND?

BOOP-BEE-DEEP!



LET'S GO. OUR PRIORITY IS TO SECURE THE *QUEEN*... BEFORE THE PALACE FALLS!



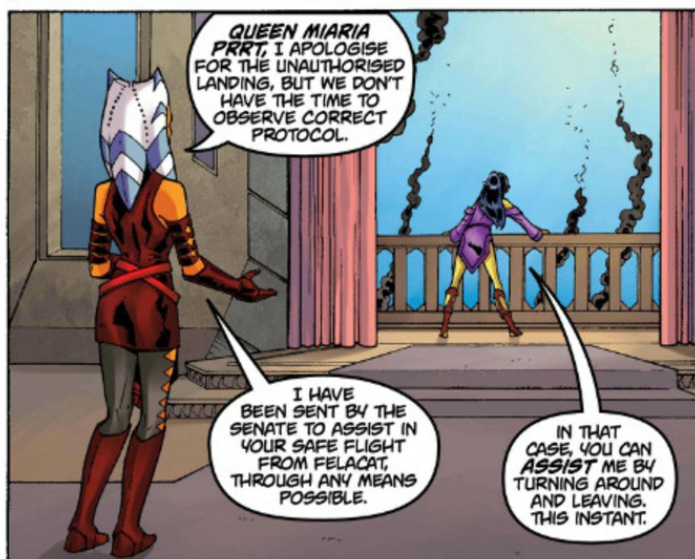
JUST LOOK AT THIS PLACE... SOME OF THESE BLASTER SCARS ARE *WEEKS* OLD. HOW LONG HAS THIS SIEGE BEEN GOING ON?



SIX WEEKS, THREE DAYS AND SEVEN HOURS. BUT DON'T WORRY, *ASSASSIN*, YOU WON'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO SEE IT END.

SECURE THE PRISONER!





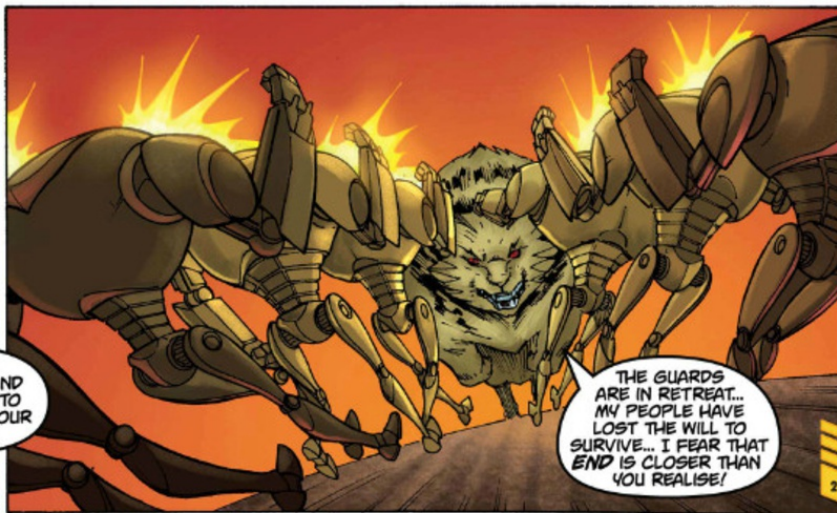




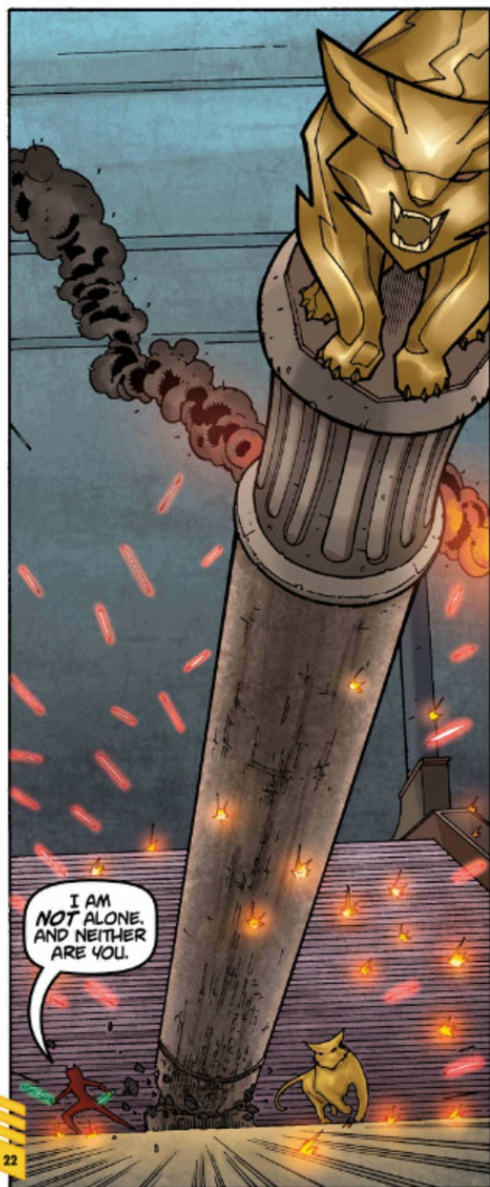
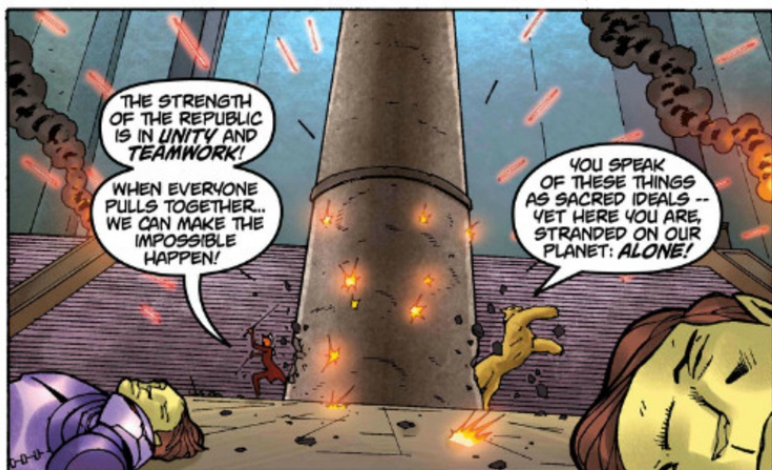




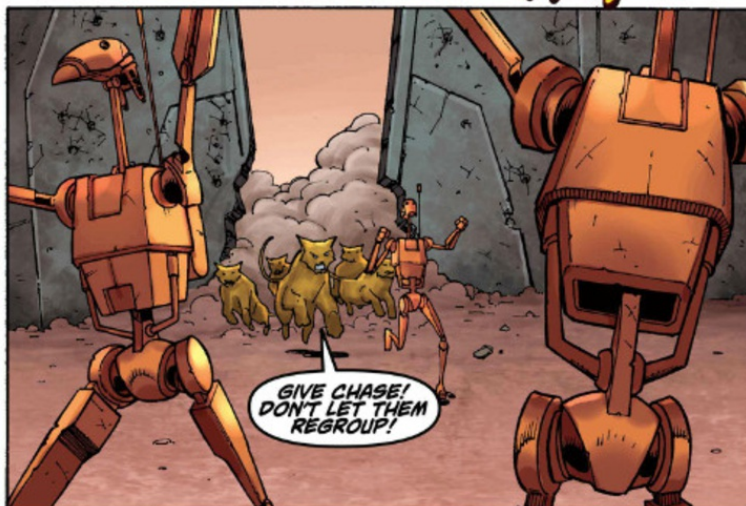
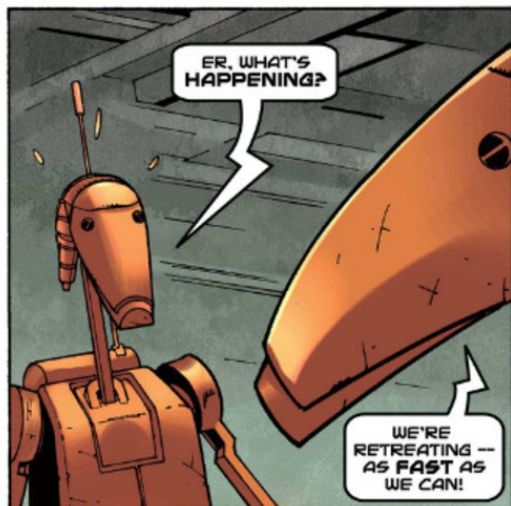
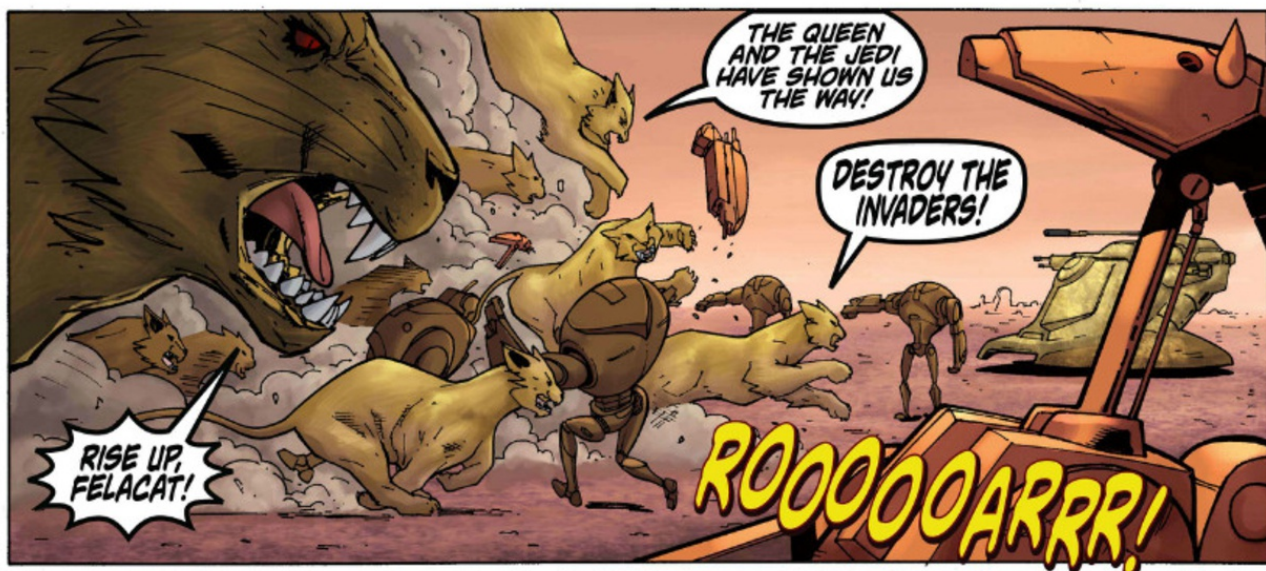














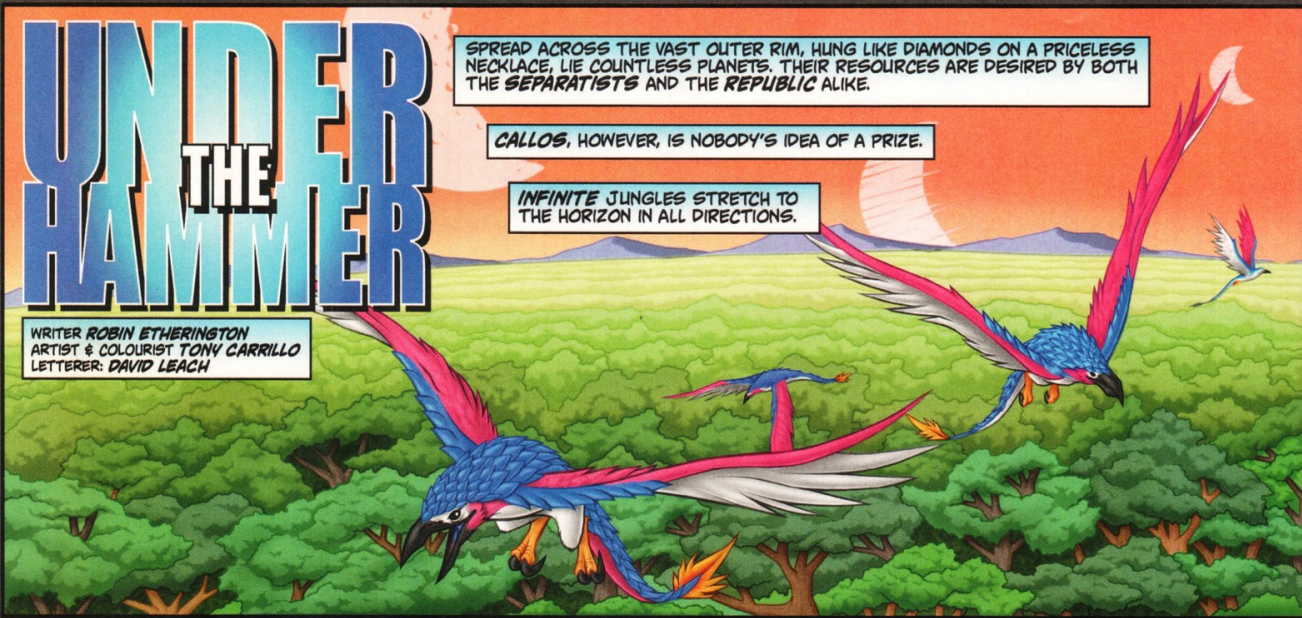
# UNDER THE HAMMER

SPREAD ACROSS THE VAST OUTER RIM, HUNG LIKE DIAMONDS ON A PRICELESS NECKLACE, LIE COUNTLESS PLANETS. THEIR RESOURCES ARE DESIRED BY BOTH THE **SEPARATISTS** AND THE **REPUBLIC** ALIKE.

**CALLOS**, HOWEVER, IS NOBODY'S IDEA OF A PRIZE.

INFINITE JUNGLES STRETCH TO THE HORIZON IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

WRITER **ROBIN ETHERINGTON**  
ARTIST & COLOURIST **TONY CARRILLO**  
LETTERER: **DAVID LEACH**



IT IS A **SWELTERING** ENVIRONMENT, HOME TO MANY SPECIES OF TREE AND BEAST.

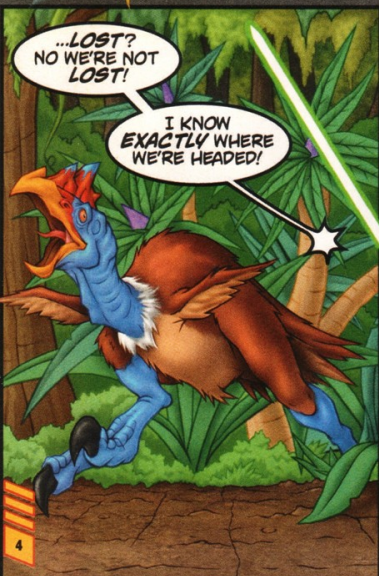


**HACK!**

**ZAHH!**

**WHACK!**

NEITHER IS THIS A TOURIST DESTINATION. WITHOUT ANY REAL LANDMARKS, A VISITOR TO **CALLOS** WOULD FIND IT RATHER EASY TO GET...



...LOST?  
NO WE'RE NOT  
LOST!

I KNOW  
EXACTLY WHERE  
WE'RE HEADED!



IF THAT'S TRUE  
THEN WHY HAVE WE BEEN  
FORCED TO WALK?

THIS IS HOT  
WORK...

AND HARDLY  
REGULATION USE FOR  
A LIGHTSABER.

NO SHIPS  
OR SPEEDERS, THAT WAS THE  
COST OF ENTRY, **MASTER FISTO**.  
THE BACKERS OF THIS MEETING ARE  
NATURALLY SUSPICIOUS  
OF NEWCOMERS.



**SOLD!**

FOR  
500,000 CREDITS  
TO THE **BANTHA HERDER**  
WITH THE **GOOGLY EYES!**

WELL,  
HOW ABOUT THAT --  
MY DIRECTIONS WERE SPOT ON!  
TIME TO GET IN CHARACTER...





NEXT UP,  
A DISCONTINUED  
HYDRA MARK VI  
POD SYSTEM.

PREVIOUSLY  
BANNED BY THE  
GALACTIC  
REPUBLIC

DUE TO ITS  
RATHER GENEROUS  
OVERKILL  
FEATURE.

OOOOH ...  
OVERKILL!

TWO  
HUNDRED  
THOUSAND!



GOING  
ONCE...

IT  
APPEARS  
I OWE YOU AN  
APOLOGY  
AND SINCERE  
CONGRATULATIONS  
AHSOKA.

YOU HAVE  
FOUND THE  
UNFINDABLE.



GOING  
TWICE...

I'VE LEARNT  
MORE THAN A  
FEW TRICKS DURING  
MY TRIPS INTO  
THE CRIMINAL  
UNDERWORLD,  
KIT.

I'D NEVER EVEN  
HAVE HEARD OF THIS  
ILLEGAL AUCTION IF I HADN'T  
DEVELOPED MY OWN NETWORK  
OF UNDERWORLD CONTACTS.



HMM ... THAT TUSKEN IS A  
LONG WAY FROM HOME...

SOLD!

DON'T  
BELITTLE  
YOUR ROLE,  
AHSOKA.  
YOU GAVE US  
THE LEAD

I  
JUST HOPE  
WE MADE IT  
IN TIME.

THIS  
WEAPON IS TOO  
DANGEROUS  
TO BE SET  
LOOSE...



LAST  
ON THE LISTING --

THE  
MAIN  
EVENT!

THE  
ONE YOU'VE  
ALL COME  
FOR!



THIS IS IT! THE COUNCIL  
BETTER HAVE SOME DEEP  
POCKETS...

DON'T  
WORRY,  
AHSOKA.

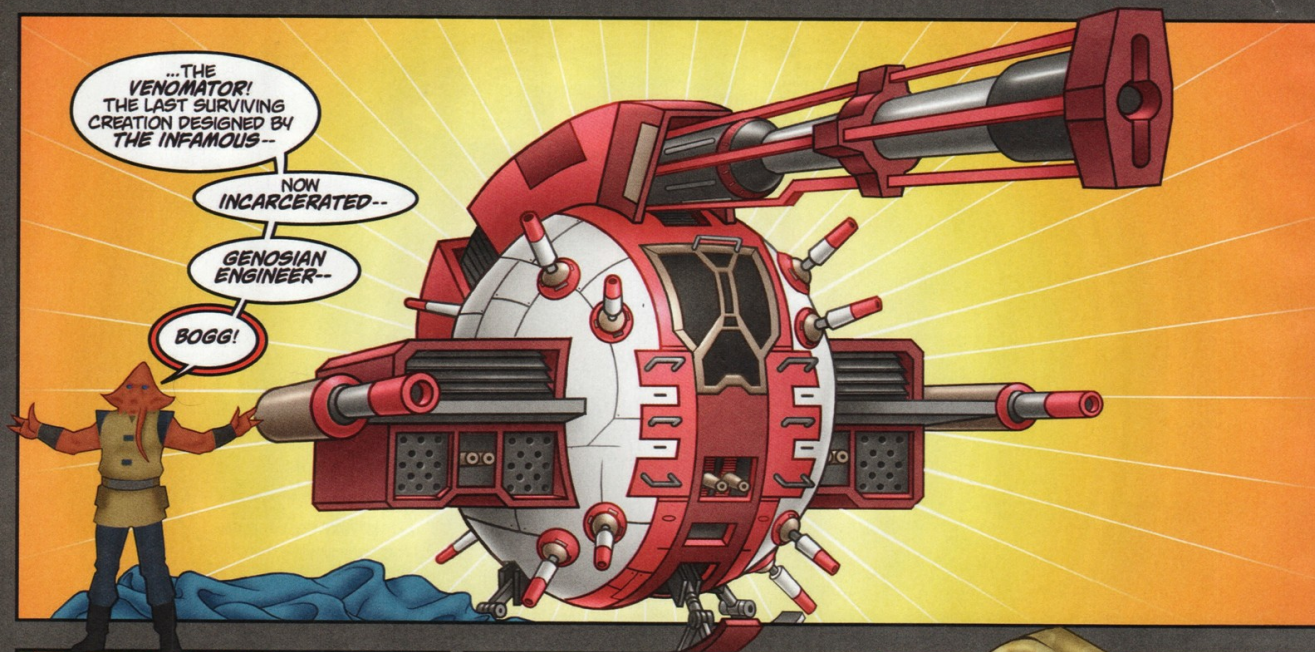
I MEAN,  
HOW EXPENSIVE COULD  
A SINGLE-SEATER  
ATTACK CRAFT  
REALLY BE?



LADIES,  
GENTLEMEN, WOMP  
RATS, BOUNTY HUNTERS,  
TYRANTS, KINGS  
AND WORSE!

THE  
CLAWFISH ROAMING  
AUCTION OF ILLICIT AND  
ILLEGAL WEAPONRY  
IS PROUD TO  
PRESENT...









INSANITY  
IS IN THE EYE OF  
THE BEHOLDER,  
JEDI.

WHEN THE  
SEPARATISTS WANT  
SOMETHING...



...THEY  
PLAY FOR  
KEEPS.

TEN  
MILLION  
CREDITS.  
LET'S SEE IF  
YOU CAN  
KEEP UP.



VENTRESS!  
THIS CHANGES  
EVERYTHING.

WE CAN'T  
CONTINUE  
WITH --

ELEVEN  
MILLION!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING?  
WE DON'T HAVE THE  
AUTHORITY TO --

TWELVE  
MILLION.

THAT  
WITCH IS  
NOT WALKING AWAY  
WITH THAT KILLING  
MACHINE!

FIFTEEN  
MILLION!



GREAT DAC!  
NOW WE'RE REALLY  
FIRING, FOLKS!

HEH!

I COULDN'T HAVE  
HOPED FOR A BETTER  
INTRODUCTION...



THE  
BIDDING'S OVER,  
FOOLS!

I,  
T'ORN ZORC,  
CLAIM THIS CRAFT  
IN THE NAME OF  
BLACK SUN!

BRAKKA!



WHAT WERE YOU SAYING ABOUT  
MISSIONS ENDING IN  
ALL OUT WAR?

SIGH...

YOU'VE  
GOT TO GIVE ME  
SOMETHING  
FOR TRYING,  
RIGHT?

BUT LET'S  
PUT THESE GUYS  
DOWN FAST!

VENTRESS  
WINNING IS ONE  
THING, BUT BLACK SUN  
ARE SERIOUSLY  
BAD NEWS!

Continued  
on  
page 22



SPREAD  
AND SCATTER  
THE VERMIN, AND KEEP  
THE SITH AND JEDI  
BUSY.

ONCE I'VE  
EXTRACTED THE  
VEHICLE, **EXTERMINATE**  
ALL WITNESSES.

WITH  
PLEASURE,  
MIGHTY  
ZORC!

**BLAAMM!**

GNNGN!

WE'RE SITTING  
AMONG A SEA OF  
POTENTIAL CASUALTIES  
HERE, MASTER!  
IDEAS?

WELL, THEY  
ARE ALL **CRIMINALS**  
SO WE COULD JUST  
LEAVE THEM  
TO IT...

BULLUUT THE  
**JEDI CODE** DOESN'T  
**REALLY** ENCOURAGE  
THAT SORT OF  
SOLUTION!

INSTEAD  
LET'S **SPLIT** THEM  
IN HALF!

I'LL TAKE  
THE LEFT AND YOU  
HIT THE RIGHT!

**PATHETIC.**

AFTER  
A **MILLENNIA** OF  
CONFLICT AND COMBAT  
EVOLUTION, THESE DAFT  
PRACTITIONERS OF PARLOUR  
TRICKS STILL RELY ON SUCH  
**PREDICTABLE**  
MOVES.

**BEEP**

**FUMP**  
**FUMP**

**FUMP**

**FUMP**





OH, KRIFF...



GOTCHA!



UHH... THANK YOU, AHSOKA! BUT WEREN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO BE HEADING RIGHT?

SORRY, MASTER. I THOUGHT YOUR DIVIDE AND CONQUER PLAN SORT OF STUNK. I JUST DIDN'T HAVE THE TIME TO SAY ANYTHING!



IDIOTS! THOSE MISSILES WERE SIMPLY A RUSE TO SERVE YOU UP ON A BETTER PLATE!



GAAAH!



DON'T YOU DARE THANK ME.

I WASN'T GOING TO.

JUST GET UP.

I WAS GOING TO.

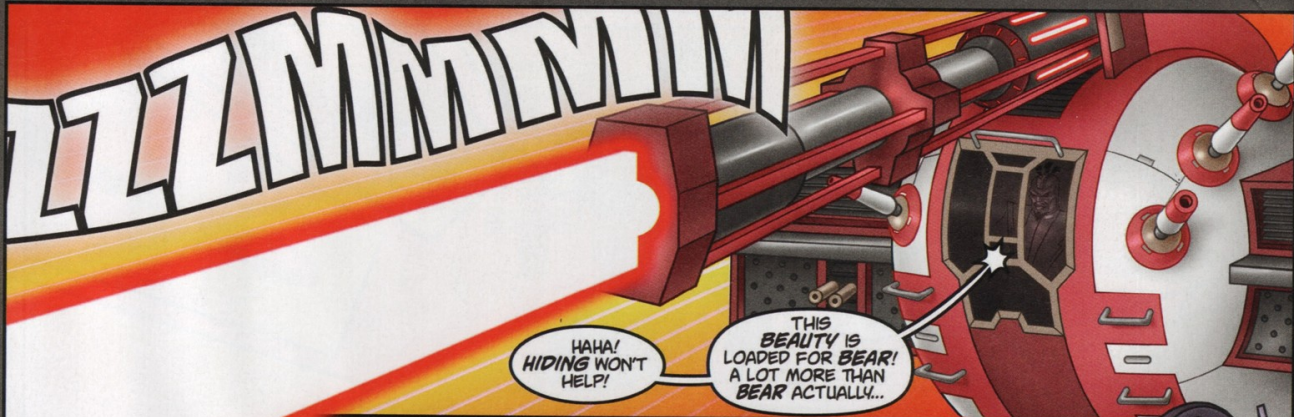


I RECOMMEND WE WALK AND TALK! WE'RE TOO EXPOSED OUT HERE!



YOU CATCH ON FAST, JEDI. FOLLOW ME...





HAHA!  
HIDING WON'T  
HELP!

THIS  
BEAUTY IS  
LOADED FOR BEAR!  
A LOT MORE THAN  
BEAR ACTUALLY...



CLOSE!

RIGHT, THIS  
IS HOW THINGS  
WORK-- WE FIGHT  
TOGETHER OR WE  
DIE TOGETHER!

I DIDN'T BRING  
ANY BACKUP AND I DID  
NOT PLAN ON FACING  
BLACK SUN AND A  
WAR MACHINE!

IT LEAVES A  
NASTY TASTE IN MY MOUTH...  
BUT I AGREE. LET'S START BY  
THINNING THE OPPOSITION...



FORM  
UP ON  
ME!

I SAW  
THREE OF  
THEM HEADING  
BEHIND THIS  
CONTAINER...



EAT  
THIS!!!



YOU MORON.  
IT'S JUST A  
CLOAK!

TICK!  
TICK  
TICK

YEAH?  
THEN WHY'S IT  
TICKING..?



HEH.  
AND THEN  
THERE WAS ONE!  
NICELY PLAYED,  
JEDI.

CLICK!  
**BOOOOM!**

WHOA.  
MASTER FISTO, YOU  
ARE SCARIER THAN  
ANAKIN WHEN YOU'RE  
MOTIVATED!



LET'S GO!  
WE'LL PROVIDE  
COVER FOR YOUR  
SHOT, AHSOKA!

BETTER  
MAKE IT  
COUNT!



